TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Red Paint

NO matter how incredibly romantic the tale or how incurably noble or irretrievably romantic the hero, every good writer thinks he has told the truth about human nature. Dickens never admitted that he was a sentimentalist, nor Scott that he spun yarns of fantastic ages, nor Byron that he made a cosmos out of a bit of Byron and a vast amount of air, some of it electrified and all of it hot. And you and I have such a craving for the sweeter, luckier, grander kinds of experience that it is strange, with such a choice in truths, we ever accept any that do not slip into our imaginations like ripe cherries.

Homo sapiens reads stories with unhappy endings, brooding poems, studies of futility, ruthless satires upon the weakness of the flesh, because, having seen much, he is sooner or later sure to ask for meanings. This is the excuse for realism and its guarantee of reward. But when a whole generation begins to peek and poke among the intimate failings of soiled lives, applauds imitations on the stage of closet follies, and gives its keenest interest to the dirtiest linen, there is something more than truth sought after.

Every man has doubled on his track. He began with romantic melodrama in the days of his naïve youth and now that he is sophisticated he is coming back to melodrama at the end. Melodrama is mild hysteria. In literature, it is a stir of the emotions not justified by the situation presented. The dramatist gets all there is in a scene, but the melodramatist asks for more. He wrings out a bucketful where one tear was enough. And nine-tenths of current morbidity, indecency, exoticism is melodrama. A solemn transcript of the intimate weaknesses of third-rate characters, like Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," has the virtue of high honesty and a fullness that satisfies, if it does not satiate, curiosity. But put it upon the stage, as has just been done, and one sees that its outline is just "Nelly the Beautiful Carpet Sweeper" over again, with private revelation and psychological remorse substituted for the outworn sentiment of the earlier piece. It is pretty good melodrama on the stage in spite of its platitudes, and likely to be popular, but that is not the point. Dreiser's own heavy dialogue and impossible transitions are not due to inaptitude, for he is a skilled journalist as well as an honest man, but are symptoms of the melodramatic character of the scene he presents. He is too obsessed with the sensational meannesses he finds in mean lives to care how he presents them; his vice is piling up detail for what, in spite of its *longueurs*, is a sensational effect.

The same may be said of many other books more skilful if far narrower than Dreiser's. Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven," for example, is not so much a story as a guide book to the warmer parts of Harlem, and depends for success not upon fineness of characterization, but upon *outré* fact (interesting to be sure) and titillating sensation. This is a good example of the melodrama of realism, and there are hundreds of others. Indeed we are in for more and more of this sort of thing, and the playgoer and novel reader at the beginning of a season will have to take stock of their reactions. They will find a good deal of what once was private life presented for its privacy, and this involves no critical problem except for the police. But they will also encounter much lasciviousness advanced under the banner of "Now It Can Be Told," and the old, old stories rewritten with all that was left out for reticence' sake put back in shiny red paint. It may help the puzzled reader to consider that often this is just old Father Melodrama returning by the alley after being forcibly ejected through the front door. If sophisticated moderns who crave sensation won't take sentiment they will get their emotionalism under some other label. Beer goes out—synthetic gin comes in.

Hospital Walls

By GLORIA GODDARD

WHITE?
Look close—
Their smooth flat surfaces,
Like the sensitive wax of recording disks,
Bear immortal history.
The unseen script of living
Is traced upon these walls.
Invisible legends of life and death,
Etched indelibly.
The pale thin wail of the newborn babe
Sketched lightly—in that corner, there;
Yonder, in fading lines,
The sigh of a last farewell;
Close beside, almost splitting the plaster,
An agonized scream of pain;
A pæan of joy for a dear life saved,
Drawn with flourish of hope on the ceiling;
And in between, and all around,
Faint sighs scrawl,
Deep moans smudge,
Hot tears blur,
Sad hopes falter,
Like a hand unschooled to write.
White walls?
Look close—.

This Week

"Jefferson." Reviewed by *Allen Johnson.*

"Murder for Profit." Reviewed by *Edmund Pearson.*

"Roundabout to Canterbury," "The Gentle Art of Tramping," and "London Nights." Reviewed by *May Lamberton Becker.*

"Animula Vagula." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

"The Pool." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"Petenera's Daughter." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"My Mortal Enemy." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

Miracles. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Orphan Angel." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"The Outlook for American Prose." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*

The New Britannica

(Inside and Out)

By C. K. OGDEN

Author of "The Meaning of Meaning"

BETWEEN the ages of ten and twenty-five the growing organism is prepared for the Battle with Death. So too with the Body of Knowledge. Between 1910 and 1925, it "just growed"—and after Topsy, the Autopsy. Its debonair grandsire the eighteenth, its heavy father the nineteenth, of a long line of centuries, were dissected and embalmed in those twelve monumental cenotaphs—the successive editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica as we have known it hitherto. But with the Resurrection at the dawn of the new century, a new Body was formed. Overshadowed in infancy, it grew slowly; but since 1910 its progress has been phenomenal, and now we can profitably take stock of the adolescent period, for the three new volumes of the Encyclopædia are before us.*

Once upon a time the writing of encyclopædias was a glorious adventure, and if your work ever reached a conclusion, i. e. if you eventually got out of prison and could prevent the printers from mutilating your proofs at the last minute, you might even initiate a revolution. Diderot, as we know, was the Debs of Encyclopædists, and it is to Voltaire, who pronounced his achievement a compound of marble and wood, that we owe the description of the Royal supper-party in 1774 after the first twenty-one volumes had been suppressed. He tells us how the conversation turned on the nature of gunpowder; how Madame Pompadour complained that since the confiscation she had no idea what even her rouge or her stockings were made of; how the king thereupon sent for the volumes, and three servants eventually staggered in with a load which answered all the questions that had been raised; and how the next ten volumes were then sanctioned.

That was the moment chosen by "a society of gentlemen" in Scotland to launch the Encyclopædia Britannica. But with a very different motive, as is shown by the dedication of the two supplementary volumes in 1800, anent Diderot's "dissemination of the seeds of anarchy and atheism."—If they "shall in any degree counteract the tendency of that pestiferous work, even these two volumes will not be wholly unworthy of your Majesty's attention." Needless to say, no one has ever, before or since, accused the Britannica of radical or unsettling tendencies, nor are they likely to do so, as long as the judicious impartiality of Mr. Garvin is in evidence.

These three volumes, however, considerably larger in themselves than the entire first edition of 1771, are remarkable for the extent to which the barriers which have hitherto preserved the public from the inroads of modernity have been broken down. Thus, the Rev. J. M. Creed does not hesitate to expound Leuba's view that there is no essential difference between the so-called religious experience of the mystic and the illusions of narcotic intoxication: "Other psychologists have argued that religion is to be explained in terms of hallucinatory images formed by the mind, to which objective reality is wrongly ascribed." Diderot himself could scarcely ask for more.

This attempt to put at our disposal a means of understanding the material and intellectual forces

*The present survey deals only with the three new volumes. But these are intended to be regarded as supplementing the 11th Edition, 1910 (so as to supersede the War Volumes, 1921, known as the 12th Edition), and forming with it a complete 13th Edition.

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which have made the past fifteen years amongst the most momentous in history must be pronounced a triumph of publishing and organization by everyone who realizes the labor and goodwill that have gone to its making. In particular, a notable advance can be recorded in all that pertains to the American scene, and here the name of Mr. Hooper has to be joined with those of the Editor and Mr. Holland in awarding to all their due meed of praise. The gradual widening of the Britannica horizon is also evident in the effort to meet the needs of the average family as well as of the librarian and the specialist.

Never, we feel, has such a comprehensive record of human endeavor been offered in so small a compass. Amongst the contributions which no one can afford to miss are the masterly architectural survey by the designer of Bush House, supplemented by the study of City planning (which might with advantage have referred to Le Corbusier's visions of the Paris of tomorrow); Leon Gaster's description of the possibilities of artificial light; Professor Raymond Pearl's discussion of the possibilities of artificial rejuvenation (though both he and Serge Voronoff are agreed that we cannot yet altogether escape Death—or even, be it added, add to our expectation of life): Stefansson's survey of Arctic resources; Henry Ford on Mass Production; Professor Rankine on Sound; Professor R. W. Gregory on Color and Race; and the formidable sextet on the various aspects of Evolution.

The section on Archæology is another notable triumph of composite work, though strangely enough so eminent and active an archæologist as Mr. Harold Peake is not indexed; the unique account of the new developments of air photography in the detection of ancient sites, by O. G. S. Crawford, is embellished by a convincing illustration.

Many would have favored the adoption of the same method for the War itself, and will deplore the practice of splitting up the various military episodes whereby the world was made a Safe for Democracy—to which we have apparently lost the key. The recurrence every few pages of a purely strategic narrative, under the name of some arbitrarily selected battle or campaign, in addition to elaborate studies of the various fronts and full military histories of the different belligerent powers, gives the impression that the Britannica has never been properly demobilized.

The articles on Economics and Social Science are naturally scattered, and number about two hundred, supplemented by over a hundred biographies. The right man for the subject, as in 1910, has been sought, regardless of prejudices, and the result is a sense of freshness and authority which rivals even that of the slightly more technical Engineering contributions. These, by the way, the literary reader should not shirk, for the marvels of modern engineering are often reflected in a brilliant linguistic technique for grappling with the most intricate mechanical constructions. The Currency and Finance section, in twenty-four divisions, will be as valuable to everyone concerned with business and administration as the less complicated articles on commercial topics proper.

The practical note of Professor Ashley's central summary is echoed in the thoughtful essays of T. E. Gregory, Sir Josiah Stamp, Gustav Cassel, Moritz Julius Bonn, and even in the Cassandra-tones of Joseph Caillaux. The international scope of the work, too, is here seen to special advantage.

A special word of praise is necessary for many of the biographies. Mr. Ervine, in particular, is in his element on the subject of Shaw, and includes a brief excursus on the Shavian religion, showing how American influences were twice paramount. Mr. D. G. Hogarth tells the romantic story of Colonel Lawrence; and in the parallel column the secret is out that the author of "The White Peacock" has written a successful manual of modern history. In a word the new volumes have, where suitable, sufficiently subordinated the formal character which we associate with Encyclopædias to become readable and entertaining in the best sense.

Here is Trotsky assuring us that Lenin was courteous and attentive, especially to the weak and oppressed, and to children, and Freud explaining why medical hostility could not check the progress of psychoanalysis. Dr. E. J. Dillon refuses to believe "that Izvolsky was responsible for the World War," and G. B. S. tweaks the beard of Capitalism so violently that the editor has to launch a special bulletin to make it quite clear that Wall Street is still hale and hirsute. The author of "Thunder on the Left" gives us a brisk column on O. Henry, who "often arouses the trained reader's amazement," while the sound scholars who believe that our language is going to the dogs will hear them barking in every line of Mr. Mencken's excellent essay on Americanisms. Joyce's "Ulysses," it appears, is "little known to the general public," Bela Kun "was a man of medium size, rather plump," and Noel Coward "has made himself an international figure." Mary Pickford's violet eyes smile at us from her niche alongside Doug., and even Charlie's feet twinkle through a respectful black-type blurb.

In the exact sciences, of course, the high standard of the main Encyclopædia is fully maintained. Sir Ernest Rutherford and Sir J. J. Thomson, the knights unerrant of physics, are ably assisted by Professors Bohr, Eddington, McLennan, Millikan, and Soddy. To get Mr. F. W. Aston to write, "Within a tumbler of water lies sufficient energy to propel the *Mauretania* across the Atlantic and back at full speed," and Einstein to assert that "we fare no better in our speculations than a fish which should strive to become clear as to what is water," is an achievement after which any editor might claim a long week-end.

Medicine, too, is well represented, and a fair balance is struck between the Clinicians and the Bacteriologists. Sir Humphry Rolleston, Professor L. F. Barker, Dr. Alexis Carrel, Hideyo Noguchi (Nogouchi at II—474 as in both lists of contributors), Adolf Lorenz, Sir Almroth Wright, and Dr. Kinnier Wilson, all contribute of their best. The last named, by the way, has lately produced a manual for general practitioners embodying all the most recent work on speech defects, and Piéron's summary of continental experience over the last decade, in his popular exposition "Thought and the Brain," runs to over a hundred pages; but in spite of the fact that one of the chief medical results of the War was the stimulus it gave to Aphasia, even the single allusion to Dr. Henry Head in these volumes (III-257) does not get the subject indexed. Another missing entry is Chronaxy, with its far-reaching neurological implications; Bourguignon's contribution, for example.

But let the reader beware of getting a false impression from any captious remarks he may read by young men in a hurry to air their own omniscience. Such an enterprise as this cannot be judged by one or two lapses, however serious, nor yet by fifty. A few days ago the Chinese delegate at Geneva, on the pretext of presenting to the League of Nations a Chinese Encyclopædia, used his moments on the platform to insinuate a number of gratuitous statements about gunboats and cruisers on distant waters. Just as we cannot condemn the whole of China even for such a lapse as this, so we may hesitate to decry the Britannica because, as we shall contend, the analogy is not altogether inapplicable. Its methods and its material may frequently be at fault, but let us generously acknowledge the great stride an institution 158 years old has taken towards a renewal of those spacious days of Encyclopædia-making, when Pierre Bayle would write down all that he knew in alphabetical order, because he enjoyed doing it, with taste and gusto. Fresh breezes are blowing through these 3,000 pages, and a new and welcome spirit informs the majority of its 1,200 contributors. With this preamble, let us muster such reverence as befits an *advocatus diaboli* confronted by their labors.

II

A just criticism, we readily admit, makes much of good points and only mentions flaws for the purpose of future improvement. Our sole reason for adding a second part to this survey is the supreme importance and outstanding merits of the new Britannica. It would be an easy and a pleasant task to continue to lay stress on those merits, but for the discerning reader every further inch devoted to this edition is actually a further compliment. The following notes, then, are designed primarily for persons who are already in possession of the volumes and who expect from the *Saturday Review* some indication of the extent to which their record of modern achievement can claim to be "complete."

Since any such probe in these degenerate days is liable to be misinterpreted, let it be explained at the outset that the Britannica survives the test with flying colors,—relatively to any other Encyclopædia in the world. But Homer's occasional surreptitious nod does not license the stertorous exhibitionism of his rivals. It is hardly necessary to state that the mention of an omission is not a demand for a biography. Every reader of the Britannica knows that only a very small proportion of those included are treated separately. Omissions are judged by the comparative standards set in these volumes themselves and by the public claims to completeness which have been made for them. In other words, 90 per cent of the names he has looked for in vain are regarded by the reviewer as more important than 30 per cent of the corresponding inclusions. It should be possible for an inquirer at once to discover from these three thousand pages whether and whereby they are able, notable, or noble, *i.e.*, whether their success is due to brains, behavior, or blood.

The Britannica does not regard itself as impressionistic or eclectic, and it is not so regarded. The reader who failed at once to find Low or Weyl might complain that American Administration and the Universe respectively had been inadequately treated; so the Britannica has exalted each in its own way. Britons must just accept the fact (though they may balk at the misplaced and misprinted entry "Weil's hypothesis"), but when they hear the *cognoscenti* acclaiming Sacharoff and Robeson they will find that here their needs have been less carefully considered, though in both fields ample space has been devoted to numerous lesser personalities.

The criticism, then, is one of judgment and correlation rather than of policy or intention. The Britannica, in fact, has doubled its value by opening its pages to modernity, but it is not surprising that in such an intellectual hurricane the editorial trireme rocks a trifle. Every little while the oars do not beat in unison, and a crab is caught. Imagine, for instance, a man "temperamentally desperate, loving extremes, . . . almost querulously criticizing the world's workings." There is in fact such a miserable specimen of humanity. His name, according to the Britannica biography, is Bertrand Arthur William Russell. He "has been peculiarly successful in eliciting from contemporary physics those theorems that are most consonant with his own temper." Bearing that in mind, locate now the most crucial article in the whole three volumes, the one that requires for its composition the acutest, the astutest, the most balanced, and the best informed mind in Christendom. There is such an article. It is on Knowledge itself—what we can know and how we know it. And who does the editor select to write that article? The whole royal stable and all Cal's men will not induce me to give him away.

Something has gone wrong somewhere. As Mr. Russell himself writes: "I have read accounts of my own death in the newspapers, but I abstained from inferring that I was a ghost." Nay more: Mr. Russell visited Russia shortly after the war with the Labor delegation, and published a book expressing his disapproval of what he saw. He was subsequently appointed Professor of Philosophy in the University of Peking, being the first European thinker of first-class attainments to win the confidence of the East. The significance of such a contact for the future thought of the world has yet to be appreciated. The Britannica allows these events to be recorded as follows: "He travelled through China and Bolshevik Russia."

In the biography of F. H. Bradley we are informed that he "once and for all established the supremacy of idealism over realism, in dialectical controversy." On page 332 of Volume III, where modern thought says its last word, this is very properly contradicted—"It is a mistake to suppose that relativity adopts an idealistic picture of the world." But when we finally reach the Golden Gates behind which "there is found to be a residue not dependent upon the point of view of the observer" we are met by the magic word Tensors. The editors have presumably not noticed that after thus whetting our curiousity about this mysterious cosmic mantram, "the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated," the Britannica, though not elsewhere afraid of technicalities, leaves us in the lurch: for Professor Eddington, who likewise contracts a tensor just at this point (III-908 a), also contracts his exegetic antennæ.

The Britannica has always featured the Population problem and Malthus himself adorned the supplement to the fifth Edition. But it is too little known that Malthus was a clergyman and a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Consequently it is a new departure to be informed that Dr. Marie Stopes's "exhaustive treatise has been largely used by doctors and medical students." The Rev. Sir James Marchant is further inspired by his subject, Birth Control, to quote:

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By filching all the substance of the fit
We make the rotten multiply as it.

Perhaps in the fourteenth edition he will rise to the worthier lines:

There was an old woman who lived in a stew:
She had so many children; she *didn't* know what to do.

The recent triumphs of Parasitology and the discovery of a virus or a tic in connection with so many of the ills to which flesh is heir, seem to have led to a new and somewhat sinister form of medical optimism which might be christened *Virustics*. At any rate both Professor S. L. Cummins (II-474), and still more confidently Dr. C. M. Wenyon (III-50b), as well as Dr. Tidy (I-978), envisage the complete virustication of Influenza.

Meanwhile we would have welcomed an article on the exorcism of the common cold, or of alopecia, to show just how far we really have progressed beyond our grandmothers. For though there is nearly a page of information and advice (how to move the bowels, etc.) should you be stricken by Phlebotomous fever in Malta, there is nothing to warn Americans against facing possible death by inoculation for typhoid prior to a European pleasure trip—and returning to find that the family has caught it in New York. Nor is anything said about Mongolian imbecility, for which this year's Bradshaw lecturer propounded so challenging an ætiology in 1924; about the effects of Noise and its abatement; or about Abrams' box.

Such reticence when we reach topics which interest intelligent people not over-endowed with special knowledge, is distressing. Apart from an unindexed allusion, under Pragmatism, there is no mention of that outstanding American genius, Charles Santiago Sanders Peirce; nor of such pioneers of modern thought as Smith Ely Jelliffe, William A. White, Stewart Paton, G. M. Gould, Charles R. Stockard, R. W. Wood, and J. J. Putnam (Major Putnam's name by the way is also notably inconspicuous). Edward Carpenter fails to register, though throughout the period covered his influence on thought both in England and America has been considerable. More astonishing still is the fact that we search in vain for G. Lowes Dickinson and Rebecca West. And Stop, Look, Listen!—for Professor W. Z. Ripley (at whose whisper Wall Street winces) is not reckoned among the First Hundred Thousand of his compatriots. No wonder the Britannica suggests (I-420) that had Carpentier come to New York, he would have been a mere pork and beaner.

Though incorrigibly repetitive the treatment of Armageddon is admittedly authoritative. We search, however, without success for any mention of General Hoffmann, the opponent of Ludendorff, whose book "The War of Lost Opportunities" is surely one of the most notable documents of the last ten years. His rôle in shaping recent history was presumably as great as that of, say Johann Friedrich (q. v.), which also applies to the Hon. James M. Beck, Frederic Coudert, Sir Geoffrey Butler, and Arthur Ponsonby. Nor do we find any allusion to the exploits of Nogales Bey. Rasputin is in, but not Burt Reese. It is curious, too that J. B. S. Haldane's "Callinicus" is not mentioned even in the bibliography of the lengthy article on Chemical Warfare. That he himself is not in the index is, however, merely a mistake; for he is there confused with his father, the Vitalist—after the best traditions of the American press, which throughout the divorce proceedings against Cambridge University insisted on using photographs of the Oxford Professor in spectacles.

Marshal Foch asserts (II-950) that the British Tommy marched into battle "to the cry of 'Lusitania.'" We are more inclined to believe him when he declares that while soldiers wait in the trenches, "hours succeed hours, nights follow days, and weeks go by." It may be noted that though there is an arresting supernumerary article on War, like Pelion piled on Ossa, by Sir Ian Hamilton, there is no sign of a companion plea for Peace. A dirge on World Recovery and three despondent epithalamia on International Rapprochement do not adequately counterbalance the 70,000 word epic entitled World War; and by the same token the name Norman Angell is not in the index. Several of the 193 special military contributions look, or shall we say point, forward to the Next War. Two and a half pages, for example, are devoted to devices for attacking submerged hostile submarines, when your vessel is moving at a high speed, by means of paravanes equipped with automatic dynamometer switch trippers. In other words a highly technical

(*Continued on page* 235)

Jefferson the Versatile

JEFFERSON. By ALBERT JAY NOCK. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by ALLEN JOHNSON
Editor, "Dictionary of American Biography"

READERS who may be somewhat puzzled by the omissions in this interesting book had best turn—for want of a preface—to the bibliographical note at the end of the volume. There the author expressly states that he has not attempted to write a biography of Thomas Jefferson. He is neither biographer nor historian—only a student who is interested in various phases of Jefferson's life. He feels absolved, therefore, from the obligation of telling the story of Jefferson's career in narrative form. He writes as interest dictates. So the reader need not feel aggrieved when he finds no account of the framing of the Declaration of Independence, and only scant reference to the part which Jefferson had in the revolutionizing of Virginia. Mr. Nock has preferred to dwell upon other aspects of Jefferson's career.

There are undeniable advantages in not having to fit a hero into the framework of chronology, in being able to ignore what one does not like, and in adopting an Olympian attitude toward petty details;

A Suriname Planter in Morning Dress. From an Engraving by William Blake.
From "Tom-Tom," by John W. Vandercook (Harpers)

but I think that Mr. Nock takes his task somewhat too lightly. He may declare himself no historian, but he cannot so easily escape the soft impeachment. Every biographer must be an historian, at least to the extent of understanding the times in which his subject lived. The remark sounds trite but it has implications not always observed. Understanding the times means much more than familiarizing one's self with the so-called facts of history, the ongoings of public life which may be found in some form or other in every conventional history; it means apprehending those less tangible realities which Sumner called folkways. A biographer must have a sense of these and other imponderables—a feeling for atmosphere.

Now, I suspect that Mr. Nock has not made any great effort to master this historical background. Else why should he ignore the historical works of Osgood, Beer, and Andrews and still speak of "the blind voracity of British mercantilism" and the ruthless and stupid exploitation of the labor of the colonists? And why should he say, apropos of Jefferson's appeal to the legislature for permission to dispose of his property by lottery, that "the moral and religious sentiment of the State was very sensitive on the subject of lotteries," when lotteries were in general use for all sorts of purposes in Virginia and in every state? I suspect that the author is carrying back into the eighteenth century that moral revolt against lotteries which the Supreme Court voiced in the notable case of Champion *v.* Ames in the eighties. Mr. Nock has adopted rather too readily and too loosely conclusions of Professor Beard as to the economic stratification of American society in the eighteenth century. It is, to say the least, misleading to write—accusingly—of the members of the Federal Convention of 1787, that "not one represented the interest of production."

In his account of policies at the turn of the century, Mr. Nock has followed Parlow with more confidence than he deserves.

Politics aside, Mr. Nock has written a readable account of the Thomas Jefferson who was neither politician nor statesman, though here again he does not seem to have gone beyond Randall and other early biographers. There is every reason to believe that Jefferson meant what he said when he wrote, "Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight." Fully one half of the book describes him as naturalist, as horticulturist, as philosopher, as educator, and as architect—in short in those many aspects which reveal Jefferson as the most versatile American of his age—Benjamin Franklin not excepted. In his insatiable curiosity about the physical universe, in his intrepidity of spirit, and in his rationalizing, philosophical temper, Jefferson has a real kinship with the notable personalities of all time. A definitive biography will not be written until someone with patience to sift the accumulated papers in the Library of Congress, apprehends Jefferson as far more than a political figure. Mr. Nock has pointed the way.

Wholesale Murder

MURDER FOR PROFIT. By WILLIAM BOLITHO. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.50

Reviewed by EDWARD PEARSON
Author of "Studies in Murder"

MOST murders are committed for profit, for monetary gain, and the title under which this book was first announced for publication in England, "Wholesale Murder," is a fair description of its contents. Mr. Bolitho's murderers are those hideous creatures who systematically prey upon their fellows; who, over a considerable period of time, mark down and kill unfortunate persons entrusted to their care. William Burke, the Irishman, with his partner, Hare, purveyors of subjects to a dissecting table in Edinburgh; Troppmann, the Alsatian, who exterminated a family; Smith, the Englishman, who drowned three women in bath-tubs; Landru, the Frenchman, who made beards unpopular in Paris; and, finally, Haarmann, the German, who seemed to try to excel them all in loathesome deviltry,—these are the leading figures in the five chapters of this book.

Troppmann's inclusion alone is open to question: he made a great hubbub in the days of the Second Empire, and he did kill a family of eight. But there was not that prolonged campaign of homicide, during months or even years, which is the usual sign of the person who makes a business of murder. Mr. Bolitho calls his leading-men "mass murderers,"—a term which sounds as if it came from a German text-book. It is somewhat misleading; these men, with rare exception, killed their victims one at a time. Perhaps "systematic murderers" gives the best notion of them.

It is unimportant to wrangle over phrases. Mr. Bolitho has written a book which is far above the ruck; quite distinguished from the stream of trivial criminology which is being imported from England at the rate of two or three titles a month. It is a painstaking study of the tribe of Cain as social phenomena; a thoughtful book which may be read by many who look with less than no interest upon "Remarkable Rascals," "Vicious Villains," and all the other books with alliterative titles which Mr. Bolitho's fellow subjects of the British Empire produce with such rapidity.

Far from hasty and journalistic in style, this book is erudite to the verge of being ponderous. Mr. Bolitho is not content with a scholarly endeavor to be accurate, to set forth a careful and detailed narrative, in the manner of such writers as H. B. Irving and Sir John Hall. Instead, he plunges far below the surface in his search for cause and motive. Miss Tennyson Jesse, in her "Murder and Its Motives," was a psychologist; Mr. Bolitho is a sociologist, and as such will probably be welcomed by readers who are not content with a plain recital of events. The events, in Mr. Bolitho's telling, get a little obscured in his speculations as to what caused them to happen. I have wondered if I ought not say that this book is for advanced readers in the subject; and to recommend some elementary texts for those who might wish to know quickly, in the cases of Burke, Smith, Landru, *et al.*, who was

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killed, who did the killing, and when and where it was done.

With the careers of most of these men I am familiar; about William Burke, for example, I have read two or three other accounts, and yet I found that Mr. Bolitho's relation of the story gave my blood the authentic chill. The tale of Haarmann, moreover, is so ghastly and terrible as to be almost outside human experience. Yet Mr. Bolitho did not wish to harrow up my soul, nor freeze my young blood at the thought of the crimes of Burke and Haarmann. I suspect that he rather despises all who read tales of murder for the purpose of enjoying childish thrills of that kind. Instead, he wishes me to shudder at the Sins of Organized Society, at the wickedness of the State. With Victor Hugo, he believes it was Society, not Jean Valjean, which stole the candlesticks. Commonplace folk saw George Joseph Smith drowning his wives in the bath tubs. Mr. Bolitho looks closer and more keenly, and lo, it looks to him like David Lloyd-George.

Mr. Bolitho pricks one bubble, and does it deftly. These men, monsters as they seem to be, were not insane. All had their chance to prove it; Haarmann, who was executed in 1925, was even mulled over by a Professor of Psychiatry of Göttingen, and also by a *Gerichtsmedizinalrat*, whatever that may be. Haarmann blossomed in our time, when the psychiatrists, the alienists, and the psycho-analysts swarm like flies around any atrocious murderer, yet they could not save him. "These are men," writes Mr. Bolitho, "certainly not deranged automata that we will observe; the worst men, not madmen; even on the slightest acquaintance nastily like ourselves."

Mr. Bolitho is not deceived—and I think he is right—by the supposed charity which prompts so many folk to say of every rascal: "Oh, of course he is insane!" Instead, he writes:

> Much of modern criminological theory, like the earlier nonsense of Lombroso that they have, under pressure of ridicule, discarded, certainly comes from the baseless and unconscious pride of honest men who refuse to see in a felon a like animal to themselves, of like instincts, feelings, methods, a lost straggler from the army, not an alien tribesman. If anyone wishes to cure himself of this error, let him, in the privacy of the night, set himself the little exercise of reckoning, in his own life, the exact number of years' imprisonment he himself would have accomplished had he unfortunately been caught in every lawless act, even the most insignificant, and had had the misfortune of being sentenced on such occasions to the maximum penalty of the law.

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Mr. Bolitho sets out to prove one other contention: that it is War, or the military life, which produces the wholesale murderer. He writes: "The mass-murderer is almost always found to have had dealings, psychological at any rate, with the institution of War." Now, waiving the question if this is not true of the whole race of mankind, at almost any period of history, let us consider Mr. Bolitho's five exhibits. Haarmann is the prize; he was in the Army for a number of years; his officers were "enchanted" with him; although, curiously, he was in prison throughout the Great War, and began his career of murder afterwards. Landru served, in peace time, the usual term of the conscript; many of his murders were done during the War, and Mr. Bolitho solemnly asserts that the evil men who engineered the perfidious Treaty of Versailles used his trial to keep the populace from thinking of the wickedness which was being perpetrated by those arch-sinners, Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, and Wilson. Smith is a stumbling block; Mr. Bolitho accepts Smith's own statement that he had been in the Army (the police disbelieved it) and does the best that he can with this doubtful evidence. But two of Smith's three murders took place before the War began! All that can be said of Troppmann is that he lived in the reign of Napoleon III,—of course, a militarist! While, to link up Burke's murders with the institution of War (they happened in 1828, a time of profound peace) the author has to go back to Burke's service in the Donegal militia, ten years earlier. No mention is made of the fact that Hare, Burke's partner, and probably the blacker and meaner villain of the two, had had no military service.

The theory simply will not wash, at all. It fails to account for Palmer and Cream, the English poisoners; for Jane Toppan, the Irish-American nurse; for H. H. Holmes, for Mrs. Gunness, and for many others who were as innocent of the corruption of a military career as the most conscientious objector alive. What connection had the Benders—of whom Mr. Bolitho wrote in his "Leviathan"—with drums and tramplings? I could—by hand-picking my examples—make as good an argument to show that pacifists were especially prone to murder; I would begin with Charley Peace, who, during his years in London as burglar and murderer, spent many evenings lamenting that Christianity and civilization should permit the Russo-Turkish War to go on, unchecked. Many fiendish murders, wholesale and retail, have taken place in times of absolute peace, and were committed by persons who never spent a day in an army camp. The War God is a creature of dreadful behavior, but it is odd that so many literary folk have come to believe that he can be put down by accusing him of sins he did not commit The literature—in prose and verse—which would try to make us think that major-generals are all demons, and second-lieutenants minor imps, is exactly as useful, exactly as accurate, as the prohibition tracts which used to teach that a single glass of claret would make a good young man slay his mother, or the anti-tobacco sermons which attributed moral downfalls to the day when the wretched boy smoked his first cigarette.

"Views Afoot"

ROUNDABOUT TO CANTERBURY. By Charles S. Brooks. Drawings by Julia McCune Flory. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

THE GENTLE ART OF TRAMPING. By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926.

LONDON NIGHTS. By Stephen Graham. Illustrated by Rick Eames. New York: George H. Doran. 1926.

Reviewed by May Lamberton Becker

WHATEVER opinion this journal may have of my head, it was for my feet that I was chosen to review these three books. For those gallant carriers have lately taken me to Canterbury by the Pilgrim's Way, and before that over many English miles, and not a few leagues of France. Not that I have tested the precise road by which Mr. Brooks reached Becket's shrine, for no two pilgrims take the same path, and mine crossed his only at Charing, nor did I take so much luggage. A curious lift to the spirit comes from thus taking the road quite without impedimenta: one practices, as it were, for his luggageless vacation into eternity.

These travelers, however, though they went from one inn to another, were well ballasted on the way, even to a sort of portable beauty-parlor whose contents cover and enliven a page. Mr. Brooks's companions, a fashionable singing-master and a lad with a large appetite, were like him and each other only in a joyous determination to get all there was out of the journey, and a carefree unconcern as to what they were to get. It seems to have been a little of everything, held together by being happy. They certainly were not hunting for history, though it flavored their entertainment; willing to dream back the people of Arundel or Penshurst, they were capable of fitting Bodiam with invented ghosts, indifferently successful. "I have but to lift the curtain of a scene," says their leader," and they start at once the action of fantastic drama. History is their servant rather than their master." It is sometimes their slavey: Martin Luther is permitted to antedate St. Dunstan—though it is only fair to explain that this statement is put on the lips of the Devil, to whom as an immortal all times are as one.

Walking for a month in Southern England, a countryside of "infinite riches in a little room," these pilgrims are continually delighted by differences not only from America, but from the settlement on either side. Few Englishmen notice these, or if they do, take them for granted. H. W. Nevinson had to come to this country to be reminded that he was returning to "old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next," and these travelers from the Middle West greet with glad cries these sturdy divergencies. They keep the book from overmuch drawing of conclusions and make the few that are drawn sufficiently flexible. Inns charm Mr. Brooks, and inn parlors whose stopped clocks, in his charming phrase, "have decided it is nobler to be right once each day and night than to dawdle wrong forever around the dial." Inn gardens, for which I have a particular fondness, he knows how to value, and in one of these the musical Bill makes local history with eighteen short pints of Guinness. In general he has the right Chestertonian ideas on beer. In three hundred miles of walking no one overcharges and no one is ever discourteous; "we never asked a question that did not elicit more than a civil answer. England is a land of good manners, and to any but a grumbling traveler deference and courtesy is shown." British travelers, chance-met in cinemas, offer without visible reluctance, after the manner of Britons, detailed information on what is wrong with America, and take with cheerful unconcern corresponding charges against England: the two groups spend the evening "snarling pleasantly at one another." There is more than a little of England in this record; it is not a mere motorist's panorama.

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Stephen Graham's "The Gentle Art of Tramping" is on a larger scale. Mere walking tours it takes in its stride, and has even a section on exploring a city by zigzag, taking the first turn to the left, then to the right—a method so rich and simple that I am ashamed that it never occurred to me. But in the main this work prepares for long journeys with a light purse. His pack provides for wayside meals and sleeping out of doors and may hold two days' provision if the road is into wild country, in the Caucasus or the Rockies. For this is a guide to the globe, and may illustrate a precept by something that happened on the road to Carcassonne or Czechoslovakia, in Alabama, Egypt, or the Carpathians. The publisher's statement of countries through which Mr. Graham has tramped reads a like a gazeteer. But his is more than a road-book. For whether Mr. Graham tramps because he is a mystic or is a mystic because he tramps, he cannot write a book about walking that will not turn out to be in some measure a book about life.

This may be the quality that helps to make his "London Nights" different from any other London book that I have read, and in the way of business, running the Reader's Guide, and of pleasure, exploring the city, I must have read a hundred. The night life of London is so different from that of any other great city that no other great city will admit that London is more than half-conscious after dark. But darkness, sending the fortunate to their homes, leaves the streets to the homeless and the unfortunate, the old women dropped like rag-dolls on the steps of St. Martin's Theatre, the silent staring huddlers on Embankment benches, the men walking to keep warm and wearing out other men's boots, the pariahs of the parks asleep on the grass in the rain. Here they are, reported without protest or exaggeration, shown as London sees them. Here are the night workers: the little worlds of Smithfield, of Fleet Street, of Billingsgate, and the unbelievable beauty of Covent Garden—there must be American tourists who do not yet know that the surprise of their lives is waiting for them at three o'clock every weekday morning around the corner from the Royal Opera. Here are the coffee-stalls "patronized by royalty" and the café bars, the night clubs and night shelters. You may see the crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields with the houseless asleep in God's house, and hear the bell that rings out of Wandsworth Gaol the relatives of the man who will hang at dawn. You may live through the election night of fog when Labor came in, and the New Year's Eve of carnival when 1924 went out, and reach at last the moment when lights go out on London Bridge, and in the darkness that is official dawn the great wave of workers moves on London to begin the day. It is a strangely moving book; it will bring news to some Londoners and magic to some Americans.

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Back to Poetry

ANIMULA VAGULA. By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON
Author of "Harvest of Youth"

THE keen edge of Mr. Bacon's verse has never cut so deeply as in this new book. In a mere thirty-seven pages, embodying a rather loosely connected sequence of sonnets and lyrics, he contrives to say more than in all the three hundred pages of that startling and entertaining satire "Ulug Beg." Something of the old satirical attitude persists in the new book. The verse still bites. But its primary purpose is not satirical. Mr. Bacon has turned, somewhat suddenly, upon himself.

"Animula Vagula," as I understand it, records some climacteric phases in the experience of a sensitive and sensible man who has emerged, battered and bruised, from intellectual and emotional chaos. Mr. Bacon has made a modern Pilgrim's Progress. After a period of negation he rediscovers—or reconstructs—some positive values. He returns from

> . . . the abhorrent brink
> Where Death is born anew
> And the Thinker cannot think,
> And the Doer cannot do.

It is not pleasant, he discovers, to have lost valor, passion, wrath, and even spleen,

> To be a coward much too weak to hang,
> To be at once ungainly and obscene
> To feel that one makes foul things that were clean.

These conditions drive him into bitter self-contempt, the self-contempt of one who has temporarily allowed himself to be alienated from his own deepest instincts:

> I have been driven into this of course,
> And it may be I can be driven out.
> Your powers are very wonderful no doubt.
> But anyone will grant they are immense
> If you can spur a blind and spavined horse
> Over the water-jump and six-barred fence.

The reassertion of those instincts provides the conflict of which this volume is the passionate record.

> Keep the constant thought.
> Trust the true feeling.
> They are in the deep
> Where the asp and adder sleep,
> With the hurt and the healing.

Mr. Bacon's book is important because its symbols depict that quarrel, known to every intelligent and sensitive man who is endeavoring today to keep peace with the world, that destructive quarrel between the intellectual obverse and emotional reverse of the human mind, which, today, is perhaps more complex and serious than ever before.

On this, or any other reasonable interpretation of Mr. Bacon's poems, it can scarcely be denied that he has found a living theme for his art. The passionate and bitter sincerity of which these quotations are specimens (unhappily diminished by divorce from their contexts) cannot fail to stir those who recognize in recent poetry the lack of a large concern for the perennial spiritual impulses of men. Mr. Bacon has returned from Philistia, returned to rediscover fundamentals. He may well be the St. John Baptist of a more philosophic poetry than has been written these many years. Perhaps unwittingly he cries out against the glittering bric-a-brac of so much contemporary verse. He has found an offense and suspects a cure:

> I bear no scars save those of the disease
> Of cowardice, dishonor and pretence.
> And those who trusted in my common sense
> Must find henceforth better supports than these.

But he has heard

> The music of an unperturbed sphere
> Which has revealed that which was never spoken.

And again, this time less vaguely—

> I have found at the bottom of all things the height,
> The unknown future in the unknown past,
> The first of things commingled with the last,
> Stability in water, motion in rocks,
> Sight in my blindness, blindness in my sight,
> And truth perpetual in a paradox.

We are not here in the presence of mere emotional apprehensions. Mr. Bacon has patently generalized from some personal experience which is not particularly stated in his book. In my view it is not the function of literary criticism to stress the autobiographical cause of a man's poetry. We may make a free present to the psycho-analysts of that aspect of his achievement. The immediate, and, perhaps, the permanent need is to consider the effective aspects. Like Mr. T. S. Eliot (with whom it is impossible not to compare Mr. Bacon) he is powerfully aware of the spiritual disintegration of this post-war epoch. But Mr. Bacon has not, as one critic recently said of Mr. Eliot, merely "added a valley of dry bones to a waste land." He has explored the waste land and found it wanting. Mr. Eliot also found it wanting: but he did not attempt to provide for the want. Instead he sat making cynical remarks to the wilderness, an Omar Khayyam *sans* woman, wine, or song. Mr. Bacon has found seed to plant and ploughs to furrow the same acres. Let it be freely admitted that without Mr. Eliot's guiding voice (of which there are some faint echoes in "Animula Vagula," notably in the miserable seventeenth poem) Mr. Bacon might never have realized himself so fully, might never have watched through the eyes of Undine

> The soul-less soul of man, wild counterpart
> Of the rejoicing spirit in the sun,
> That laughs aloud where the white horses run.
> She stares at darkness, and she does not sleep.
> High o'er the waves crash in the brain and heart
> That send a tremor through the ancient deep.

But nobody saving the author himself is to be thanked for this sestet of his most significant sonnet, with its deliberate restatement, in a purified sense, of Tennyson's most famous "moral" line, thanking God for his loathed enemy:

> What would I do without him? He renewed
> Valor within my miserable soul,
> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control
> And other old unhappy far-off things.
> And because a rotting swine was lewd
> Found myself launched on unaccustomed wings.

In one copy at least of "Animula Vagula" this sonnet will bear the additional title "After Reading Ulysses." Here Mr. Bacon announces by implication not only (using the word in its fairest and least parochial sense) his "moral" attitude. He also implies (to me unmistakably), by using with such fine effect Tennyson's abused phrase as well as Wordsworth's imperishable line, his affiliation to the great emotional and intellectual tradition of major poetry, a tradition which belongs to the world, not merely to Europe; a tradition which so many American poets have sought to escape, so far with disastrous results to their work. Mr. Bacon is not a major poet. But his material and his mental attitude are both major. To compare his work with the highest we must find it raw and crude, violent, uneasy and vague, insufficiently purposed; but his feeling cannot be described in these terms. His artistic error has been to compress a huge and expansive subject within miniature limits. He had the material for, say, a "Prometheus Unbound," but he gave it the vesture of "The House of Life." And if to consider him by the highest standards known to me, he has failed, that failure is, nevertheless, the most creditable achievement in recent American poetry. He deserves to be ranked among the half dozen living American poets who, having something important to say, have refused to take the line of least resistance with their art, but have honestly attempted to find the best way to say it. Those who concern themselves genuinely with the future of American poetry should study this book and watch Mr. Bacon.

London Slums

THE POOL. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE successful blending of scene, theme, and emotional atmosphere in "The Pool" calls for the highest praise. One may reject all three as unsuited to one's interests, taste, or mood, but one cannot deny the intensity of the impression created by their masterful unification. Mr. Bertram has seen and felt his subject with the intuition of an artist and molded it into its final form with the skill and accuracy of a remarkably intelligent craftsman.

In a slum near the London docks, where narrow cobbled streets tunnel under huge warehouses and emerge in dirty steps along the river, and where rickety houses are washed by the slimy green water that thuds and slaps against the piles on which they stand, the lowest forms of human life mate and breed, fight and drink, rot and die. Among these strays of humanity the plot is laid, and against the unforgettable background of a dark and heavy river and the spawn living along its banks, Rosie Betts takes her preëminent place.

For Rosie is cock of this particular walk. With her pertness, her gaiety, her fierce independence of spirit, her contempt for "softies" of any sort, she lords it over the boys in the neighborhood. "I ain't givin' anyone rights over me. I ain't like other tarts, see?" she tells them. And even after she has almost lost this savage faith in herself because of the fate that overtook her one bank holiday when she was "tight," she still can say:

> "I'd sooner die than let jer marry me. D'jew fink I want 'em all sayin' yer've put me right? Me? Rosie Betts? I'm capt'n of this little ship, an' I steers it until I sinks. No one ain't puttin' it over me. If I goes wrong I gets back on the course by myself."

From beginning to end, Rosie has no use for sentiment, no ambition for her future, no desire except to live for the moment and preserve her lonely pride, her curious sense of her own exalted integrity.

Surrounding her are a dozen figures, each as vital and individualized as Rosie herself. With the fewest of strokes, the author blocks them in and then leaves them to materialize by themselves. Prize fighters, sneaking bullies, drunken old women, eternally child-bearing drudges, a played-out whore creeping from tavern to tavern and protesting she was "a lidy once," a young "soppy" whose leanings toward education take the form of collecting cigarette pictures and reading the dictionary—each is a portrait, more or less intimately linked with the story, but falling in every case into precisely the perspective the author intended.

And all this is accomplished simply and directly with as little trace of sentimentalizing or moralizing over the subject as there is of a conscious straining after stark realism in its projection. These people live as naturally on the page as they do on the London streets. Their speech is the raw, indelicate, repetitious, sometimes unwittingly humorous speech of their kind, and they reveal themselves through what they say and do rather than through any reflections of the author concerning them.

One may wish that Mr. Bertram's highly concentrated art—as Mr. Bennett's in "Riceyman Steps"—might have been applied to a subject and scene of more general significance, but this is scarcely legitimate criticism. "The Pool," within its sphere, is a notable achievement.

A Farm Novel

PETENERA'S DAUGHTER. By HENRY BELLAMANN. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"PETENERA'S DAUGHTER" belongs with those first novels which show not only promise, but achievement. It has weaknesses, it has deficiencies; but so far as comprehension of life goes, or maturity of method, or style, there is nothing about it which couldn't exist in the work of a writer who, by virtue of several novels, has passed through the stage of trial and error and found himself. "Petenera's Daughter" is a farm novel, but an exceptional farm novel in that the lives of its characters are made to interest you much more than the life of the farm. The first half, dealing chiefly with the Grumbine family, their long slaving hours in the fields and the kitchen, Harry Grumbine's awakened passion for Sule Irack, his flight when he finds she is with child, and his months in St. Louis, does not offer a great deal that is either new or significant, though all of it is perfectly possible and realistic. Nor is the portrait of Sule's father, the gay Basque Paul Irack, a very compelling portrait. It is not till one comes into the second half of the book, dealing with Sule's belated marriage to Harry, Mom Grumbine's slow mental collapse after years of hard work and loneliness, and the growth of Sule's mind and soul and comprehension of life, that one feels the individuality, the significance, the beauty of Mr. Bellamann's novel. We have, first of all, a picture of a human being conquering circumstances where previously circumstances have conquered human beings. And we have, too, the coming alive of a character who had earlier seemed incomplete, ready-made. Sule begins as a type, but she ends as a woman.

Mr. Bellamann is still weak in such matters as dialogue, dramatic power, and pictorial characterization. Both his talk and his scenes are passable, but they lack finesse, expertness. As for creating character in the flesh, in one or two instances he fails to do so, and yet in the same instances, afterwards makes them real by analyzing them. The Paul Irack we know before he is killed is certainly not real. Yet

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afterwards, as Sule recalls him, the symbol of a fuller and richer life than that she sees around her, he grows warm and human, we participate in all the varieties of experience we feel him to have had.

The second half of the book, filled with much admirable writing, enriched with more vital and spacious things than the mere photographic reproduction of farm life, is the evidence I present for saying that there is achievement as well as promise in "Petenera's Daughter." Though there is no exact comparison possible, the second half of the book makes one think a little of Willa Cather and her "My Antonia." There are the same surroundings, and there is the same fulfilment of a woman's character. And for me there is a little of the same warmth, of the same charm; and to capture just a little of that warmth and charm is to write something people should be glad to read.

Alone, With Ourselves

MY MORTAL ENEMY. By WILLA CATHER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

A HIGH-SPIRITED, intelligent, socially gifted, and ambitious girl, with a generous dash of Irish malice and imagination in her, makes a runaway love match, thus renouncing (as she at first supposes) a very great fortune. Her young husband, who is not by nature adapted for business, yet forces himself to do fairly well to supply her somewhat extravagant needs as a brilliant and popular social being. But as they come to middle life good fortune deserts this pair. Through no obvious fault of the husband's they sink to a shabby-genteel poverty. The wife loses her health. The husband works for her and waits upon her with a selfless devotion. And the dying, tragically frustrated wife now knows that her heart has never renounced the great fortune that might have been hers. It was not in her really to renounce it, all that it must have meant to her; and this failure has poisoned her whole life, as well as her husband's.

This deceptively simple and unexpectedly poignant story comes to us only in glimpses through the eyes of another, younger woman . . . Miss Cather's name appears on the covers and on the title-page, but she is not otherwise supposed to exist for us as we read.

Nevertheless, Willa Cather is the most interesting person connected with this story, for she created it. It is either a very short novel, or a very long short story, of perhaps twenty thousand words; but whatever their precise number may be, it is precisely the right number, placed in the right order by an artist who knows what words are for and what can be done with them and how without seeming effort to do it. Miss Cather is a cool, scrupulous mistress of her medium, her material, and all its human, social, and philosophical overtones. She has no desire merely to stir our mere facile emotions. It is not our nerves she would trouble, but our minds—or whatever it is that we most deeply and personally are!

The art of this book is austere, a fabric of true renunciations, aristocratic, disdainful — perhaps even too disdainful of that slack-slippered, unblushing gossip who lurks at the heart of every born novel reader. I, for one, should have liked to know more of Oswald and Myra. I should like to have been permitted the privilege of spying upon them more fully, on less rigidly selected occasions. Yet almost I dread to admit it, lest this acknowledgment of human weakness encounter, by chance, the disciplined auctorial scorn it deserves!

One thing is certain. Miss Cather has given us neither more nor less than she meant to give; and, doubtless, if we still crave more, that too was thoughtfully foreseen and unpityingly ignored.

The heroine of this chiselled story comes to our common end, death, expressing in the presence of her husband a "strange complaint." "Why," she says, "why must I die like this, alone with my mortal enemy!" She is not referring to her husband, however! So, at the last, it is really a "mystery story" after all, as all honest and thoughtful stories are. It deals with that ultimate mystery lying close and cold at the heart of every woman and man. It is only because Myra, Miss Cather's heroine, had the insight and courage to speak out, that her complaint seems "strange." It is a complaint common to humanity. For we are all of us to die one day like that, alone with our mortal enemies.

The BOWLING GREEN

Miracles

I HAVE an impulse this morning to write about miracles, but first I suppose I ought to give you an idea of the kind of thing I call miracles.

Well, I was going down Fulton street, past St. Paul's churchyard—and past that great pillared hallway of the New York Telephone Company which I have always told you was a holy place—and I heard a loud honking. A cop on a motor bike came buzzing along, extending forward, with a peremptory hand to avert the crossway traffic. He was followed by some huge busses filled with a throng of unquestionably cheerful people. They all wore badges and the bus was draped with a big streamer largely lettered WELCOME HOME CARL LAEMMLE. I thought it was certainly a good idea to welcome Mr. Laemmle home: it's a good idea, always, to welcome anyone home: I hope it will happen to us all. I waved my hat and felt perhaps a trifle ashamed of not having known that Mr. Laemmle was away.

All right, no miracle in all this, I hear you grumbling. Then, meditating, it suddenly struck me what Mr. Laemmle's name would be if he anglicized it. It would be Charles Lamb, and I tried to imagine a similar procession in honor of Elia. That *would* be a miracle.

* * *

I'm afraid that by miracles I really mean the things that stick in one's mind. Louise's tear-stained face the other day, for instance. (Louise is almost eight). I got home after dark, a clear chilly evening, and in the light of Dean Swift's lamps there was Louise—still outdoors, unusually late for her, hugging a little mustard-colored dog, a stranger. I knew at once, by the fact that Donny, the sheep dog, was making no protest, that it must be a lady quadruped. No one knew where she came from, but she and Louise fell into one another's embraces. They fitted perfectly. It would have been worth while (I now realize) just for the sake of seeing a human face transfigured with joy (not too common a sight) to tell Louise she could take the beast to bed with her. Unlike the generous Shakespeare I admit impediments. It would have been an error, but a godlike one. The dog stayed overnight: rathe and bright the next morning she and Louise frolicked their allegiance. For the nonce Louise's saffron-colored cat, patient victim of her violent embraces, abode unbruised. Perhaps for the first time she had found an animal whose appetite for hugging and being hugged was equal to her own. It was glorious.

Then came time for school. When Louise came home at lunch time, the dog—in the habit of wandering dogs—had vanished. It had gone home, I suppose. But Louise had a bad hour, as bad as Ortheris and Garm I dare say. It was, I think, her first inkling of the love that passes understanding. How quickly it vanished. So can I forget that tear-stained face?

* * *

Still not much of a miracle, I suppose. But what is a miracle and what isn't? One day we were driving home from Lake Ronkonkoma, along the Motor Parkway (a whole ribbon of magic that runs for forty miles into Long Island.) There was a storm coming and all the cars were in a hurry. There, under big trees stood a lonely figure: a girl in plain gingham dress holding out bundles of flowers toward the flying traffic. She was that rarest of sights nowadays—in our particular landscape, anyhow—a country girl who looked like a country girl. On her face a most curious charm of tenderness, entreaty, and despair. Like everyone else we spun by without stopping—hardly saw her until it was too late to halt. Why should that little glimpse, seen weeks ago for the split of a second, still linger in my mind? Perhaps she was Ophelia.

What is a miracle, then? The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson (now published in one pocketable volume) is a miracle; the patter of acorns on the roof, coming in sudden volleys and scatters all a windy night, is a miracle. I know a wise and great-minded employer who has rarely been observed to give definite orders to his staff. He suggests, makes hints, cunningly implies what he would like to have done; hardly ever puts it in the form of express command. God, whatever you mean by the term, is like that. He gives hints. You get, now and then, a fairly straight intimation of what the universe wants you to do. And when we get any such clear, secret doctrine, we call it a miracle. Do you remember the very humorous passage in the opening pages of the "Phaedrus," where Phaedrus has, concealed under his cloak, the oration he intends to read to Socrates, but defers bringing it out until Socrates suspects the trick and insists? It is equally true that though God has His manuscript concealed under His cloak He is eager to read it to us if we give Him a chance.

* * *

I think that Louise (since I have mentioned her) is the kind of person who is concerned in miracles. She is too young to read this so I don't hesitate to be personal. One night, for instance, I went out on the porch about midnight to have a look at the stars. I was disappointed to find that there weren't any. The night had come stormy, I could hear the gravel tugs mumbling down in the harbor, and hoped that the *Platitude*, our leaky little catboat (so called because she is flat and shallow) was all right at her mooring. And then, rambling aimlessly about, I found on a chair on the porch a miscellany of pebbles and dried star-fish that Louise had brought back from Bar Beach that afternoon. There they were, carefully deposited for further examination the next day. Very likely the next day they would be forgotten. But they had served their purpose. They were part of a miracle. If I can't have a star I can get along perfectly well with a star-fish. No reputable parent lightly mentions the things that he thinks about late at night. I will merely say that I went upstairs to see if Weesy was well tucked in.

Because it is beautiful or surprising does not make an incident a miracle. It must be congruent in some significant way to the necessity of the moment: it must rhyme with the strangeness that is already there. There are all sorts of miracles. A whale is a miracle, so is the Eve of Saint Agnes. But canny people don't talk lightly about such delicate matters—whales for instance. Talking about these things is as dainty work as sailing a catboat. You've got to have the breeze on the starboard hand when you hoist your canvas, or you'll have your peak halliards twisted with your topping lift.

* * *

There was a small girl almost eight years old who had a garden, which she dug and planted herself. It was not very successful. Dogs, fond of fresh-turned earth, found it a pleasant couching place; other children, younger still, ran blithely across it; it forgot to get itself duly watered; then there was a six weeks' interval when lumber and bricks were piled over it by some workmen who hadn't quite realized it was a garden. They thought it was just one of the places on the lawn where the grass didn't grow. In between the chinks of the lumber a single zinnia did manage to push up its head, but then that was basked by the arrival of plumbers with a new lot of heavy gear.

So the garden was abandoned and forgotten. The gardener herself raked it over and decided that that was that. And then, just by chance, as the best miracles happen, the garden came to its own. A tree had been cut down, trimmed and peeled and sandpapered and varnished until it was no longer a tree but flagpole. It was set up, and a flag at the top of it. It shot up magically one morning while the ex-gardener was absent. When she came home she gazed in surprise. There was the biggest, tallest and brightest flower in the whole place—a stalk thirty feet high and a red, white, and blue flower at the top. It was on the exact spot where the unsuccessful garden had been.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

In his "Der Junge Schiller und das Geistige Seiner Zeit" (Hall a. Saale: Buchandlung des Waisenhauses), Wilhelm Iffert traces the career of the youthful Schiller, the influences that moulded it, and the idealistic philosophy apparent in his early work. Incidentally he introduces discussion of the philosophy and religion of eighteenth century Germany and their influence upon poetry.

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The New Britannica

(*Continued from page 231*)

article, dealing chiefly with offensive tactics in active warfare and quite likely to be out of date next year, gets more than twice the space devoted to the whole subject of Anæsthetics!

In their advertisements the Britannica Company referred to seventeen of their contributors as having won the Nobel Prize. We turn to the entry Nobel Prize to discover what standard it has maintained since 1910, but there is no such entry. To verify a hazy recollection that the Prime Minister of Great Britain recommended Mr. E. D. Morel for the said prize, just before his death, we look the traitor up; no mention. The Congo, then: again the slippery scamp escapes us. The Union of Democratic Control, which he founded and whose committee afterwards virtually formed the British Cabinet; no mention. Quakers—with whom he plotted; no mention. Pacifism—in which he saw the hope of the future; no mention. Wearily we try the League of Nations—yes, Mr. Garvin allows us to hear of that.

Graham Wallas draws a blank. So does Dr. Eileen Power, most erudite and gracious of modern historians. Where then is the "New History" of which the biographer of James Harvey Robinson gives us a tantalizing glimpse? The "A. K. Travelling Fellowships," designed to broaden the minds of historians; no mention. Albert Kahn himself, who gave all that money? Nor Otto Kahn, who gave more still to still more deserving causes? Shame! Then Otto Beit, perhaps, whose generosity has made his name a household word amongst scientists? Or Arthur Serena, who founded so many costly chairs to make Italian thought and culture better known to the English speaking world; not a word of either. And in spite of those chairs, neither Sante de Sanctis, nor Federigo Enriqués nor Eugenio Rignano, nor Professor Luciani is known to the Britannica index, where even Gentile is misspelt. Such is gratitude—but perhaps Sir Basil Zaharoff, since he has both endowed learning and influenced the destinies of nations, is more fortunate; not even he.

As regards history, then, and the making of history the Britannica cannot be unequivocally congratulated. The lid is still down on J. L. Hammond, Montague Summers, G. G. Coulton, H. J. Laski, Norman Baynes, Alfred Zimmern, M. Dorothy George, Sir Samuel Dill, E. Lipson, Professors Gras, Arias, Brodnitz and Kosminsky, and R. H. Tawney. Not one of these prime determinants of twentieth century revaluations gets a mention. And you may read right through the index without finding the name of Mr. G. P. Gooch.

Reverting for a moment to Sir Basil's interest in Athens, Oxford and Monte Carlo (Harvard men can agree to symbolically omit the comma, since the Britannica omits Professor Kittredge), we are reminded of the classic game of chance known as Offs and Ons. You write down all the world-famous names you know that end in off, and for each that is not in the Encyclopædia index you score another point. The same with the Ons. My score to date, including Rachmaninoff and Carrie Nation, is twenty.

The English reader, like the dilettante, turns eagerly to the survey of American literature, where he had had so little opportunity of forming a just estimate; and he discovers a mine of valuable information. We note that America accepts E. E. Cummings, but England has not yet adopted T. S. Eliot—even as a critic. German literature is admirably covered by Soergel; but when we come to Britain we must confess that if the Britannica makes any claim to completeness, the omissions we have already recorded, where so many hundreds are admitted, would already give us pause. Moreover, here are ten names not one of which can be found in the index; Arthur Symons, Laurence Housman, R. Y. Tyrrell, Eden Phillpotts, Israel Zangwill, Rose Macaulay, Wyndham Lewis, Harold Munro, Alfred Noyes, Aldous Huxley. A careful search, however, does discover allusions to the last five in the main text, as well as of the unindexed Sir Owen Seaman (I-1010; though *Punch* "continued to reflect the prejudices rather than the judgments of the educated middle class." I-539). But let the American reader who so readily gets confused by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Woolf, Humbert Wolfe, Wolfe the painter, Wolf the Maccabæan, and now "Turbott Wolfe," see what assistance he can get; for even with the aid of the text itself I have only tracked down a single Woolf, in Virginia (I-2008a).

Where more than a page is devoted to praise of Alice Meynell, someone might put in a word for England's most delectable emotionalist, Arthur Machen, though he did bring the Angels to Mons; or a line for that master of word-craft, Mr. Powys Mathers, though he did translate the "Arab-Mardrus himself should appear); or a paragraph for the sophisticated satire of Norman Douglas, though he does live in Capri. And might not Edward M. C. Mackenzie (for so Mr. Compton Mackenzie appears in the index, where the reference at I-1008 should be added) be allowed some credit for his Phonograph record? Darrell Figgis, too, and the whole Sitwell family would seem to belong essentially to the period covered.

But perhaps literature is, as they say, a matter of prejudices, and anyhow space had to be found for the news that "men, women, and children of all colors" answered the queen-mother's appeal for a Kitchener memorial.

Yet it cannot be a matter of space, for look at the biographies of Carlo Caneva, Luigi Capello, James Schoolcraft Sherman, or Count Casimir Badeni (who died in 1909 and gets as many inches as John Dewey), and the article on Choral singing which shows how "square-toed Choralism has been shaken to the roots" so that now "first rate work can be produced anywhere"—not only in Yorkshire. Now, too, "the dominions bid fair to follow the good example of the mother country," but "America has not yet produced a composer of outstanding choral works."

And need those homes of culture, the townships of Lancashire, advertize their parochial misfortunes at quite such length? In Preston, we are glad to learn, much attention has been given to the health of the city and to the provision of hospitals, infant welfare centres, etc." We had already wondered whether the drainage problem was still engaging the attention of the Mayor. From Salford come tidings that "a wide new road was opened at Pendleton in 1925, and further road improvements were under consideration in 1926;" while in Bolton "a Presbyterian Church and the Claremont Baptist Institute were erected in 1910." At Blackburn, "St. Jude's Church was built and its parish formed from that of St. Thomas in 1914." Blackpool has prepared "an ambitious scheme of development, including a 'social centre,' a restaurant, and a lake." What is Wigan going to do about it? A cafeteria perhaps?

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The articles on the social side of Industry are for the most part hardly less uninspired than the disconnected oddments on international organization (Arbitration and the various Pacts). "Health," we read (III-463) "is needed for efficient work;" and Miss May Smith occupies two whole pages in elaborating the thesis that we cannot work for twenty-four hours a day. ("The physiological necessity for sleep prevented the complete working out of this principle"). We also learn that "a good industrial leader should possess vitality, sympathy, justice, and humor, as well as knowledge of the work." The late P. E. B. Jourdain, the paralytic mathematician, possessed all these qualities in a supreme degree. So, one would suppose, does Mr. Ring Lardner. The Girl Scouts, "known as Brownies," who are to be found under the Boy Scouts at page 423 of Vol I, may, however, be without humor. Everything, too, is provided for domestic bliss, from dish-washers to fire-extinguishers. The attempt to cope with Divorce strikes a layman as less adequate, and aspirants pressed for time would probably be better advised to go direct to Dudley Field Malone—another international name for the Editors to note on their cuffs.

Without a System, modern business would undoubtedly be back at 1910. By the best people, "motor-driven machines are used for endorsing large numbers of cheques. . . . Cheques are fed by hand one at a time." And again (III-1005d), "a stenographer employed in taking notes and transcribing letters, will do much more effective work than one who also keeps and files records:" but will she abstain from putting commas between subjects and their verbs, Mr. Leffingwell? *Vivent les fourmis!* Our little friends the ants have reached an even higher degree of efficiency in the polycalic formicary.

Education is equally badly served. Lord Haldane and Professor Judd give us little idea of the ferment of new life which their stuffy summaries conceal. It is something that "Metaphysics" has vanished; but "Philosophy" remains, undisturbed by the fact that its foundations, too, have lately been removed; and Theology, unaware that Mr. Clive's Bell's "significant form" has silently withdrawn before the shafts of linguistic analysis, is reduced to hoping that the even more naïve verbal projections of Otto may establish the existential validity of the numinous. In Logic we are asked to believe that the work of Driesch and Royce was the most important contribution between 1910 and 1921—though the articles on Knowledge, Mathematics, Philology, and Pragmatism fortunately combine to stultify this estimate.

Scepticism is gingerly tackled, but something must be done when the scientists are so disparaging about our eyes and ears. Thus "it is impossible to rely upon audition, handicapped as it is by the vagaries of the ear" (III-590). Sound, however, is not something which we hear. Nor is color what we see; that is only *visible* color. The really exciting colors, explains Professor Thorpe, are the *invisible* ones! Visible color, such as it is, receives inadequate treatment, however. The systems of Ross and Munsell, the experiments of Ladd-Franklin, and the work of Dr. Mary Collins are all passed over. Even in its biography of Ostwald the Britannica omits to record that the last ten years of his life have been devoted to Color, and to the publication of a number of fundamental studies bearing on a system of standardization which will only be superseded when the Tudor-Hart double inverted cones are finally available. The bibliographies are said to "provide lists of books carefully selected by the specialist who contributes the article." As one narcissist to another, I particularly commend the care with which Dr. Edridge-Green has selected his bibliography.

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While it is indeed gratifying to have Dr. John B. Watson's crystallization of Behaviorism it is disappointing to find no mention of so profound and influential a thinker as Professor W. M. Wheeler, America's leading entomologist and perhaps her leading sociologist as well. Mr. Cornelius Newton Bliss and Mr. James Carrol Beckwith are dignified by full biographies, but Professors W. B. Cannon and C. Judson Herrick, who have contributed so brilliantly to our understanding of the body and mind of man receive no word of appreciation. Sir Richard Burbidge secures a handsome tribute, but Major Darwin's life-service to Eugenics evokes no echo. Charles Frohman is immortalized at length, but Mr. Orage's decade of intellectual pioneering on the *New Age* is greeted with silence, and even his journal draws a blank; the same applies to Henry Goddard Leach, while Herbert Croly is indexed as Croley. Dean Keppel is side-stepped no less than J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Thobez, Walkley, Hartley Withers, Bruce Richmond, and Norman Hapgood. Frank Harris suffers with them. Baron Corvo rings no bells, nor Panait Istrati, nor the Poet Laureate's discovery of Gerard Hopkins. Even necrophily avails Aleister Crowley naught, though his claims as poet are at least equal to those of Edna St. Vincent Millay; and it is a pity that Rudolph Valentino lived and died in vain.

Why, if Douglas Fairbanks, not Jackie Coogan, Billy Sunday, Sandow, Frank Crane, Pola Negri, Madame Nazimova, Emil Jannings, Raquel Meller and Mistinguette? I say nothing of the aristocracy of Variety—Lady Peel, Earl Carroll, and Lord George Sanger—though the Sanger circus, *pace* the index, does secure a mention at I-638d; but where are Mascagni and Toscanini, and where Jeritza? Surely those who stir the emotions of millions should have absolute precedence over the Philatelists and their acquisitive idiosyncracies. More than a hundred words are consecrated to Aerophilosemy (q. v.) but Eugène Goossens, who re-introduced Stravinsky to England, conducted the Russian Ballet, became the father of twins, thrice visited Rochester, and is now due in Hollywood, receives no recognition, though he should be in as a composer, quite apart from his eminence in the musical world. His predecessor in Hollywood, Sir Henry Wood, is equally unfortunate. So is Ysaye. Some would regard Mme Suggia as more than a John, but she might have been listed as that (II-610). John McCormack need only open his mouth for thirty minutes once a year to keep himself and family in food and clothing, but of those minutes the tens of thousands who hang on his lips cherish a lasting memory; yet he returns from his triumphs in China to find that the Britannica can dispense with him altogether. Ruth Draper is the outstanding personality of the American solipsist stage, but neither she nor her equally eminent medical brother (in spite of his concern for the Constitution, admitted at I-981) is allowed to snip half an inch off those treatises on square-toed Choralism and detonating Paravanes.

The Drama gets plenty of space; but unless we can assume that misprints occur in key articles, Mr. St. John Ervine might find a better predicate than "meritable" to apply to his own "Jane Clegg" (I-869c). Literary Criticism has not yet heard of I. A. Richards, nor Dancing of Margaret Morris or the Quadro Flamenco, though the Charleston "was already dying out in 1926." We find no allusion to Gurdjeff, and Geoffrey Toye's colleagues, Leopold Stokowski and Ernest Bloch, should at least be given half a line if so full a biography is to reward Sousa's services to music since 1910. Gershwin must get busy with some Out in the Cold Blues, nor has the editorial chariot swung low enough for Roland Hayes. Somewhere between Aesthetics and Atmospherics we had half expected to hear of Antheil, and somewhere between Albee and Ziegfeld we might have glimpsed Will Rogers or Florence Mills, but all three have escaped; and though the recognition of Pulchritude was once Mr. Ziegfeld's *forte*, modern Variety, represented in the Britannica by C. B. Cochran (British both as regards choreography and orthography) no longer expects a Z to recognise. Amongst the scores of black and white bruisers whose form is analyzed at I-420, we miss the only one who has punched continuously since 1919 without striking his match, *viz* Tunney; while Fish is correspondingly absent from a further long list of successful black and white artists at I-539.

Since Science and Learning refuse to play at all with their eminent sons Professors Herbert A. Giles and E. W. Parker the sinologists, J. W. Postgate and Fritz Mauthner the protagonists of semantics, Flick and Feuter the historiographers, Jacques de Morgan and Déchelette the pre-historians, and since both von Buschan and von Uexküll are also absent from the index, the biography accorded to Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly is all the more significant as a tribute to the progress of Hispanic philology. Fabre is in, but Donisthorpe, Bugnion, Emery and Escherich, no less than Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, have naturalized in vain; and Father Wasmann is apparently too myrmecophilous even to be entered as a symposiast in the Animal Intelligence controversy.

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Having approached our Britannica from the standpoint of knowledge, let us now for a moment consider her in the family way. America is proud of her Cabots, but is given instead a single Lodge. Britain is proud of her golf champions and would like to see them indexed, but since even "Mr. R. T. Jones, commonly called 'Bobby,' " is not indexed in spite of all the nice things Darwin's grandson says about him on the same page, what can plain John Ball expect? And where is the rest of this potent English stock? Most of us remember how the heavens were first opened for them by the late Sir Robert Ball, the author of the astronomical articles in the 1910 Britannica. Neither he, nor W. W. Rouse Ball, the genial historian of Mathematics, nor C. T. Ball the Assyriologist, nor Sidney Ball who moulded the social thought of so many generations of Oxonians, nor J. Ball, the geographer of Africa, is so much as alluded to; nor yet the Nottingham aces. No Balls at all, but pages by Borley and Bowley, admirably covering both Whales and Earnings, a carillon of Bells, a long range of Hills, six Fishers, six Morgans, six Joneses (without Bobby), six Murrays, six Robertsons, seven Scotts, eight Millers, eight Walkers, nine Andersons, and fourteen Smiths.

After the family the nation, so let us once more vary the *venue* by a geographical approach and consider specifically the intellectual achievements of France. There is assuredly no prejudice as yet against our glorious ally and presumably every effort has been made to reflect and interpret her thought. Yet here is a list of names which everyone who knows anything of the movement of ideas must agree are hardly less significant than those of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, or Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Edward Arber, or John Strange Winter. Starting with the *doyen* of French letters, Ferdinand Brunot, we proceed as follows: Julien Benda, Henri Berr, René Berthelot, Georges Blondel, Léon Brunschwieg, René Cruchet, Georges Dumas, Espinas, Giard, Grandjean, Goblot, Laignel-Lavastine, Lalande, Le Dantec, Milhaud, Maritain, Paulhan, Piaget, de Pressensé, Pradines, Rabaud, Rivière, Rougier, Segond, Séailles, concluding with Georges Sorel, whose "Reflexions on Violence" surely exercised more influence on this generation than all the works of Ferdinand Tönnies and Sir Frederick Wedmore combined.

Not one of these leaders of French thought

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Britannica

(*Continued from preceding page*)

can be found in the Britannica index! And where are Richepin, Henri de Régnier, Colette Willy, Dufy, and the builder of the Eiffel Tower? As for other dominating figures in the record of the last fifteen years, it would be hard to find more startling omissions than Auguste Forel, Léon Duguit, and Vilfredo Pareto, though an equally formidable trio consists of Rops, Lipps, and Stumpf (I would have added Wundt for euphony, were it not that he does happen to have caught the editor's fancy). But before we leave the subject of eminent Frenchmen we may note that Jules Romains (wrongly spelt without an s on five separate occasions) is not the real name of the author of "Dr. Knock," that he did not "make a reputation for himself" by that play, but was justly famous even ten years earlier, and that his most discussed work, "Eyeless Sight," was written under his own name of Louis Farigoule and should not be overlooked.

But would not the rectification of these omissions require more space than the Britannica had at its command? If so, much of the above would, of course, be irrelevant. Our point is, however, that judgment and adjustment alone are involved; or at most the extra space which would be available if such curiosities as "Time Sales" and "Hythe, Conference of" were reconsidered, the articles on Barracks and Canteens curtailed, and the experts on Ping Pong, Luck, and possibly Ballistics appropriately curbed! The index could then include such names as the following, who by all the canons of Encyclopædism belong to these eventful years, even if they figured to some extent in the older volumes. Sir Francis Younghusband, Iwan Bloch, Sir William Barrett, Professor James Sully, Professor William Smart, Vaihinger, H. B. Irving, A. H. Fried, Benjamin Kidd, Sir Victor Horsley, and Lady Welby. And what is psychiatry without Emil Kraepelin, phonetics without the researches of E. W. Scripture, the press without Mr. Swope, or sport without Babe Ruth, whose English counterpart, by the way, is wrongly listed as G. B. Hobbs?

Occasionally, as we have seen, the index may fail to do justice to the Britannica even where the giants are concerned. A glaring example is the case of Wolfgang Köhler who appears, wrongly spelt, at I-383, but *summa cum laude* at II-495. H. S. Jennings is in at I-382, Glotz at I-178, Professor Rothenstein can be found at II-6, and Mr. Rutherston at III-411, while Gilbert and Stanley Spencer both occur at III-8; thus scoring over Duveen and Berenson alike. Neither Meinong nor Husserl has really been omitted—except where we should expect them; the former, however, appears as Alexander instead of Alexius (II-190d). There is no excuse for such misleading omissions, when Kalkstickstoff (sic), *Stickstoffkalk* and two other chance synonyms for crude cyanamide are all gravely entered. Indeed the indexing as a whole seems to have been done on somewhat arbitrary principles, which, where arrangement and contents are equally arbitrary, is particularly to be deprecated.

In our opinion it would have been more important to be able to find quickly in these new volumes such names as Avenarius, F. C. Conybeare, W. A. Craigie, Edward J. Dent, Michael Farbman, Jane Harrison, and Baron Meyendorff (so far, we have only found the first two) than that "brilliant filly" Fifinella, (Steinberg, *obiit* 1908), the gallant Shcherbackev (q. v.), or even the heroic Shtcherbachev (q. v.) who constitutes a good example of literary double-exposure.

In a work of this sort a complete and impeccable index is essential. But some articles, such as that of Mr. Cochran, seem hardly to have been judged worthy of attention, and another example is to be found in the Johns Hopkins column, where Doctor Wilmer may ultimately be located. Moorish names seem early to have been given up in despair, after an amusing attempt to index one misprint by another (Anoal, III-614c). We should be surprised to find that more than five per cent of the persons referred to in the bibliographies and bibliographical sections are indexed. Thus Mr. Garvin himself in his article on Capitalism (L-528b) singles out for recommendation a book which no American publisher can be persuaded to accept, Mr. M. H. Dobb's "Capitalist Enterprise and Social Progress" ("an acute critical analysis of the place of the entrepreneur"). Yet this able young Cambridge economist does not get into the index, whereas, for example, Carter G. Woodson, mentioned only in the bibliographical notes on Negro literature (I-111a), is duly inserted. Joseph Priestley is wrongly spelt in the index; Ellen Terry on the other hand, like the Ford Peace Ship, is not there at all, though the one is referred to in the full text at I-756 and the other at II-270 ("In 1915 he was convinced by certain peace advocates of foreign extraction," etc.; which the reader may compare with Mr. Lochner's version in "America's Don Quixote"). The Harvard notational relativist, H. M. Sheffer (II-830b), is not listed, nor is the dramatist H. M. Harwood (II-870, III-873), nor the chief references to Professor Elliot Smith (I-385, II-567), nor Charles M. Doughty's appearances as a geographer (I-1091, II-171).

Particularly unsystematic is the listing of periodicals. *Simplicissimius* appears in italics and quotes, *Jugend* not at all, though in the text they occur together. *Harper's Bazaar* and *Harper's Magazine* are in roman type, *The Century* in italics, while the *Forum* is nowhere to be found. Though Capablanca's prowess at chess is squarely dealt with, Bogoljuboff, who won the 1926 Tournament and is thrice referred to (I-602), must be content with that, like Euwe, Samisch, and others whose exploits with Rooks and Knights Mr. Van Vleit has so faithfully chronicled. Professor F. C. Burkitt, who seems to have been totally overlooked, will be sorry to see his son's name misspelt in the Editorial Preface.

Among five million words at least a dozen will always be errors or omissions. That proposition is proved once more in the case of the Britannica as follows: Duhamel should be *Georges* not George, Professor Lashley is *K. S.* not L. S., and the foremost educationist of this century is *Georg*, not H., Kerschensteiner. Sydney Webb (I-390) should be *Sidney* and should receive fair treatment in the index (III-525, III-572) even if he was a failure in the Cabinet. Wicod (II-830) is a disconcerting misprint for the late Jean *Nicod* who should be indexed, and who also occurs at II-644d. Incidentally, if Wittgenstein is as important as Mr. Ramsey makes him in the article on Mathematics, he certainly deserves a biography. Kandinsky has been overlooked at I-190 and II-793, where he is wrongly spelt on both occasions. *Kurt* Koffka, please, not C. Koffka, Mr. Printer, for this is unfortunately the only reference to the brilliant apostle of *Gestalt* in the whole three volumes, and he is due back in America this week. A sentence has gone astray at I-1010 d, complete should be *incomplete* at III-915c, and Pragmatistism *Pragmatism* at III-206c. I also note that Mr. Bernard Shaw is made to attribute war "on a scale which threatens not only civilization but human existence" to the "nobility" of capital. This rivals the famous printer's error, Hotario Bottomley, who does not get in even as Horatio, though he is now at large again.

In many cases there is no indication that the works of a foreign author are available in good English translations—a particularly striking example being Romain Rolland. This is presumably due to the fact that recourse has been had to foreign writers for many of these biographies. Tischner is recommended in the German and not the English edition by the writer of the article on Psychical Research, who, we think, is ill-advised in attaching so much importance to the "medium" Willy Schneider.

Students of the occult will notice that Houdini curtly dismisses all mediums, including "Margery" and the makers of "ectoplasm," in his brief article on Conjuring; and in general there is an abundance of piquant material scattered about for the curious reader. Thus the Britannica understands that a Tibetan lad is starting a small hydroelectric scheme in Lhasa (III-777c). Elsewhere it records that the Ringlings "set out from New York in four or five trains," this spring (I-637). It is interesting to know that America can claim the first five and twenty years of the life of Jacob Epstein (not to be confused with his patron, Mr. Jacob Epstein of Baltimore, the possessor of the Raphaels and the Rembrandts); and we are given a superb picture of Lower Manhattan, some life-like Mendelian rats, and a faithful study of Musicians recording; the colored illustrations, too, add greatly to the impression of magnificence which pervades this stupendous undertaking.

For when all is said, these 5,000,000 words are a more worthy record of our time than anything that has hitherto been published. Mr. Garvin may not go down to history as the man who transformed Swords into Ploughshares, but at least he can be hailed as the man who took the first *S* out of Swords. Let us add wings to his words by promptly beckoning them to our shelves.

Which Way Parnassus?
by
PERCY MARKS
AUTHOR of "THE PLASTIC AGE"

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Books of Special Interest

Senator Wadsworth

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR. A biographical sketch. By HENRY F. HOLTHUSEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

CAMPAIGN biographies may be dismissed by the critically-minded as biased, but this is to be over-cautious. A book which makes no concealment of its attitude is not likely to do much damage. Moreover, the more modern biography of a candidate usually tells an accurate story without the excrescence of legendary anecdotes which were formerly the hall-mark of this literary type. In the present volume is traced the private and public life of the Senior Senator from New York. It happily lacks the lengthy extracts from speeches which have too often added to the bulk and detracted from the interest of campaign biographies. At the same time it contains a few utterances upon subjects of outstanding importance with which Senator Wadsworth has had to deal in his official capacity. Foe as well as friend may peruse these pages to advantage.

Senator Wadsworth comes of a family which has been in this country from the early days of New England. One of his ancestors helped to found Hartford, Conn., and another hid the Connecticut charter in the famous Charter Oak. He grew up on a farm and has always been an out-of-doors person. For five years he managed a Texas ranch. It is also of interest that he married a daughter of John Hay. Unusual in his ancestry and in his athletic habits, he has been unusual in his political career. He had served only one year as member of the New York Assembly when he was chosen Speaker. He held this position for the five years he remained at Albany. Refusing renomination, he was out of public life for five years—these were his years on the ranch—at the end of which he returned to New York in response to the suggestion that he enter the Republican primary as a candidate for the Senate in succession to Elihu Root, who was retiring. This was in 1914. Wadsworth won the nomination and the election.

At Washington the Senator has been an authority upon military matters, becoming chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, his knowledge in this field being based upon experience in the Spanish and the World wars. He has also made himself the champion of such changes in the present strict immigration law as will end the hardship of separated families. But it is his stand on prohibition that gives him distinction in his campaign for reelection. Doubting the possibility of amending the Volstead law so as to "solve the problem permanently," Wadsworth favors repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, against which he voted, and the conferring of power to handle the subject upon Congress. Ample quotations from his declarations on this subject make his position clear.

Readers of this volume will obtain a picture of one of our public men and a good idea of his policies.

What of Lovelace?

THE CAVALIER SPIRIT, and Its Influence on the Life and Work of Richard Lovelace. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by B. H. LEHMAN

University of California

TO add facts to the accessible sum of human knowledge is not the object of this book. In his Preface Mr. Hartmann confesses that nothing of outstanding importance has been discovered since Hazlitt's 1864 edition of Richard Lovelace. (William Carew Hazlitt, by the way, always figures here as W. H. Hazlitt.) Nor does he profess to advance much, himself, that is new. "I claim only to have collected and rearranged such information as was already available and to have corrected any errors and misconceptions that I could discover in Hazlitt's biographical notice," and so on. For instance, he shows that there actually existed a Lucy Sacheverell, that Anthony Wood did not therefore invent her as the original Lucasta, that Hazlitt's objections to her as the original are in firm. Roaming thus among the desolations of research, he seems to think he has distracted us from the storm in another quarter. Or is he unaware that there is a storm?

The question is not of course, in a book entitled "The Cavalier Spirit," who *was* Lucasta? The question is, was Lucasta a person, or was she a composite? Was that specimen Cavalier, Dick Lovelace, a ladies' man or a lady's man? And if he was devoted to many, did he drive them tandem or abreast? And was this devotion to many the result of a great unruly passion or of a little passion easily curbed? If he was devoted to "one only fair one," then who she was and what like, of what birth, how related, are questions to be answered.

The Cavalier spirit indeed is simply not looked at in this book. Approximately half the 117 pages of text proper are given up to a respectable but slow summary of the court-church-parliament-army situation. Into this at not particularly significant moments is introduced the narrative of the events of Lovelace's life. But neither the man nor his work is held under the critical eye, no single phrase goes to the heart of either Lovelace or the spirit by which he is asserted to be distinctly animated. There is consequently no true unity in the book. The material has no focus in the mind of the author, however it may have been focussed in his intention. And in any case the book was shut out from all point, by neglect of the word *influence* as used in the title.

In short there was that hearty, devoted thing— called Cavalier—a little slipshod, fathered of boredom, half-gesture, half-spirit. Mr. Hartmann leaves it undefined. There was the question of how this flowed into the life, fortune, and poems of Sir Richard Lovelace, how he was receptive to it and in his being conditioned by it. On this question raised by the atitle the book throws precisely no light.

For Nature Lovers

BURROUGHS AND LUDELLA PECK. New York: Harold A. Vinal. 1926.

Reviewed by DANIEL HENDERSON

THIS slim book is of genuine importance to lovers of Burroughs and Whitman, to nature lovers in general, and to those who find delight in tracing character through unstudied correspondence. Here are thirty precious letters written by John Burroughs, between his fifty-fifth and seventy-fifth birthdays, to his friend Ludella Peck, a professor at Smith College. The letters Miss Peck wrote to Burroughs are included.

What Burroughs found in this woman professor that caused him to write to her with such unreserved friendliness is disclosed by a letter he wrote to President Burton of Smith when she died in April, 1913:

> She was a wistful, penetrating, affectionate soul with a keen intellect. I had few as sympathetic readers and no wiser critic . . . I have had many a walk with her on the hills, in the woods and by the sea and I always felt she was a woman kindred to the best there is in human life and human letters.

We gather from Burrough's first letters that a love for Walt Whitman's poetry was the tie that drew them together:

> When I last saw Walt Whitman Dec. 26, he gave me two copies of his poems just from the binder. If you have not got a copy of "Leaves of Grass" I should be glad to give you one of them.
>
> I have been in such close communion with Whitman's spirit during the last few months in writing these articles that his loss takes deeper hold on me than it otherwise would. I have not his faith and cannot have. . . .
>
> In some moods I lean strongly on my great friend and find comfort in his unconquerable belief in immortality.

There are other illuminating references to Whitman—enough to make this a book to be treasured.

Apart from the literary references the book has value for the bits of nature that make almost every letter colorful and fragrant:

> I found the robins piping and laughing here, the sparrows singing, the phoebe calling, and the river free of ice. Every Spring the river is born again. It's youth is immortal. The hills grow old and perish, but the river is ever renewed. I have not heard the high hole yet nor the turtle dove, but the fox sparrow sang this morning. . . . I am eager to go forth with the bees and gather the first Spring pollen, April pollen.

The letters which drew forth these delightful notes—the woman's correspondence that at the outset has the reserve of a New England schoolmarm and at the end strikes at the bedrock of life—are interesting and charming. Here is a personality that merited friendship—and in this case found it in rich measure.

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Book Distribution Abroad

By MONTGOMERY BELGION

WHO ever heard of an American publisher going to Europe to study book distribution? American publishers, indeed, cross the Atlantic in hordes, but they do so in order to meet, and if possible acquire, distinguished European authors, to see Montmartre, to bask on the Riviera; never to inquire as to how the Germans or the Dutch, for example, distribute books. But this matter of book distribution is as vital to their prosperity as the acquisition of good authors and their own recuperation by holiday.

This has been so thoroughly realized in England, where book distribution lags far behind that of the rest of Europe, that this past summer the Society of Bookmen organized a book trade delegation to Amsterdam and Leipzig. This delegation comprised members of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, the National Book Trade Employers' Federation, and the Society of Bookmen. The members' report is just being issued. An advance copy is in my hands, and it may well be worth while summarizing what it says.

The delegation first visited Amsterdam. In Holland, they point out, the book trade is organized *as a whole*. There are, it is true, separate sectional associations of booksellers and publishers, but for all purposes concerning the general well-being of the book business, booksellers and publishers act together as one body. The central organization is housed in a fine building at Amsterdam. It is from here that the Dutch book trade is governed.

The central organization includes a receiving and forwarding system for parcels. Goods are delivered express prepaid to the Clearing House. On arrival they are weighed and sorted into pigeon holes under the names of the booksellers, and when so sorted are despatched in one consignment to their various destinations. Publishers are debited with a nominal commission on the weight of the goods delivered by them to the Clearing House for distribution to booksellers. Booksellers are also charged at a rate equivalent to 25 cents a cwt. for the parcels despatched to them. This is a handling fee only, and does not include carriage. These charges, combined with members' annual subscriptions of approximately $4.40, constitute the main revenue of the Clearing House. Non-members are charged 50 per cent extra. The staff of the Clearing House numbers 36, including a manager, clerks, and packers. Last year more than 12,000,000 lbs. of goods passed through the Clearing House.

Publishers are established all over Holland and all avail themselves of the Clearing House, finding it economical and efficient. The Clearing House organization is able to bargain concerning freight rates. The surplus profits are divided among the members. Control is vested in a governing committee of booksellers and publishers, all working in an honorary capacity. Just before the delegation's visit the central organization had acquired the business of a leading wholesaler—a new development still in an experimental stage.

Next the delegation went to Leipzig. In Germany, as in Holland, publishers and booksellers act collectively and are organized as one body with the object of furthering their joint interests. This body, the Börsenverein, was founded more than a hundred years ago. The German book trade organization, in fact, began by embracing the whole book trade, and the sectional associations were formed subsequently. It began with 108 members; today it has 5,000.

It owns a *daily* trade paper, the *Börsenblatt*, which, besides officially announcing all new books and giving necessary trade information, carries a large amount of publishers' advertising, including an important "Book Wanted" section. The delegation were convinced that "such a paper, controlled and run by the trade for the trade is of the utmost benefit to the trade." Its position is such that to look through it is considered a first item in the daily routine of every bookstore and publishing office.

There does not seem to be anything in Leipzig comparable with the new British National Book Council, but coöperative publicity has been long carried out by the Börsenverein. Posters, leaflets, and catalogues are circulated mainly through booksellers, who buy them at cost price. Newspaper advertising has been found less productive.

Among the organizations housed in the great Leipzig headquarters are: (1) a coöperative buying organization through which publishers can buy their raw materials instead of going to the open market (this helps to keep down prices); (2) a technical library containing books in every language; (3) a technical school where those attending study the book trade in *all* its branches.

There is also an Order Clearing Office. Publishers in Germany, as in Holland, are scattered all over the country. Hence the system of book distribution is centred in about 50 commissioners (kommissionäre), who are agents for both booksellers and publishers. One alone acts for nearly 1,000 bookselling and publishing firms. The commissioner is partly necessary to the publisher on account of the custom of making all deliveries 'free Leipzig.' The commissioner carries some or all of the publisher's stock, fulfils orders, collects accounts. Travelling salesmen are not employed so much in Germany as in England and America. The bookseller is expected to know what he needs (thanks to the *Börsenblatt*) without solicitation. Yet the practice of employing salesmen in Germany to make regular visits to booksellers is growing.

The commissioner collects and forwards, earning a commission on turnover. To collect the books he uses the Orders and Parcels Clearing House, and forwards them himself, the bookseller being invoiced direct by the publisher, or at least in the publisher's name.

It is the existence of such commissioners that renders an Orders Clearing House essential. This is not a very elaborate or intricate piece of machinery. It requires at most one or two methodical and experienced assistants to sort orders.

The publisher, or the publisher's commissioner, sends frequently, at least daily, to the Orders Clearing House to collect orders. These orders are looked out and then delivered to the Parcels Clearing House, which is, in effect, a coöperative city delivery service. In Holland the actual packing is done at the Clearing House, but at Leipzig this is done by the commissioner on his own premises. All packages for one town are sent in one consignment, often at carload rates.

In Leipzig there is, further, a Cash Clearing House, as much small business is done on a cash or quasi-cash basis. This Clearing House obviates the necessity of individual and separate payments for every transaction. In Leipzig, too, are the headquarters of the Publishers' Union, corresponding to the American Publishers' Association. One thing this does is to keep a credit index. Another is to supply printed addressed labels.

The Börsenverein issues a German Trade Address Book containing 12,000 names.

The delegation makes a number of proposals for adoption by the British Book Trade. Of these the first is the formation of a democratically-elected British Book Trade Council. It is probable, they say, that in practice such a body would consist largely of members of the Councils of the Publishers' Association and the Associated Booksellers, but in theory the members should be elected to serve the trade as a whole, and to sink sectional interests.

They also believe that an Orders Clearing Office might be established in London. This would require only a small room and a staff of one or two. Thirdly, they advocate a coöperative city trade delivery service; fourthly, a comprehensive trade address book; and fifthly, a technical library. As to the latter, the British book trade now has to resort to the British Museum. To consider the adoption of these proposals they recommend the formation of a committee of survey.

Regarding the proposal for a London Orders Clearing Office, the report insists that it is not the wish or the intention of the delegation that such an office should prejudice the wholesaler or jobber. As a precautionary measure, they propose that any wholesaler "who carries a fully representative stock and buys books of all classes in quantity on subscription shall buy at such terms as shall enable him to supply the retailer with his day to day orders at the same rate of discount as would be given by the publisher had the order been sent direct."

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The New Books

Art

WHY WE LOOK AT PICTURES. By CARL H. P. THURSTON. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $4 net.

Of the score of recent books on the appreciation of painting, this is one of the best. It proceeds systematically from the pleasure that is common to everyone—that of simple recognition, to the consideration of what constitutes permanent greatness. Although the main value of the book lies in its progressive scrutiny of the manifold experience of appreciation, the numerous asides are just and often searching. Take this on Velasquez:

"Velasquez used very few of the details of character in building up his figures—he was as discreet as a physician in his professional relationship with his sitters, betraying nothing of what he saw in their personalities except what any layman could read there for himself—but what few he did use he laid so close and cemented so firmly together that his people seem as strong and self-sufficient as walled cities."

This is a book based on much reflection, and it is written for such as are capable thereof. The writing has occasionally a tinge of pedantry and preciosity, but these are generally expressive of shades of meaning that are valuable.

UMBRIA SANTA. By CORRADO RICCI. Milan: Fratelli Treves. 1926.

The Franciscan Year is now officially open, and the flood of Franciscan literature, popular and learned, good and bad, new or reprinted, is reaching its height. Of these there may be later an opportunity of reviewing a representative selection, but Signor Ricci's collection of essays, some old, some new, but all bound together by the unity described in the title, claims a separate note for distinction of style, soundness of criticism and knowledge—as one might expect from the most famous living Italian art-critic—and real illumination of the artistic and religious sides of the subject. With Signor Ricci, art-expert as he is by calling, one would anticipate that the Umbrian school of painting would break in everywhere. And it does take up the greater part of this volume, in the studies —all of them rescued from a more fugitive existence—of Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Signorelli, in which Dante and the saint are brought before us. The first of these essays gives a fascinating impression of the Umbrian landscape, and particularly the region of Lake Trasimene, which informed Perugino's work. Immediately preceding and following the purely artistic essays there are two hagiographical studies, in Santa Rita, the Umbrian saint who is venerated at Roccaporena ,and in the miraculous restoration of the hanged men, associated with St. Nicolo da Tolentino, but also appearing in other forms outside Italy, particularly in Spain. Best of all in this volume, however, is the chapter Signor Ricci has written freshly as introduction to his older essays. In this he gives a fine "evocation" of the Umbrian landscape, in comparison with the atmosphere of other Italian provinces, recalling that it was originally made holy by the first appearances of St. Benedict. After the gallery of "Latium, with its sense of law, Emilia, with the joyfulness of its poetical expression, Lombardy with its industrious austerity, Piedmont with its political and military discipline," and the rest, we reach "Umbria verde," yes, but also, "Umbria santa," province of saints and painters, little changed today from what it was in the days of St. Francis, still preserving the same architectural marks, the same lonely places on lake-islands and mountain-tops to which the saint used to repair. Those who cannot visit Assisi will get a vivid enough vision of it from this book, and those who do, and get no further than Assisi and Perugia, will also be enabled by Signor Ricci's pen, to grasp the appearance and significance of the remainder of the "paesaggio Francescano."

Belles Lettres

LIFE AND YOU. By C. LEWIS HIND. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.50.

It would not be easy to find a reasonable excuse for this reprint in book form of Mr. Hind's essays—the word dignifies his journalistic discursions—which first appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle*. They are obviously the work of an intelligent man, one with a rich crop of experience, who has "written down" to a miscellaneous public. To read his pieces separately, day by day, might be a relief from less amusing columns in the same newspaper. But to read them in bulk, in a book, is, to say the least, monotonous and exhausting. Many of the quotations and anecdotes which stud Mr. Hind's pages are fine essay material. But the journalistic fetters have scarred them and the collection stands as a small monument of waste.

NOVELISTS: WE ARE SEVEN. By PATRICK BRAYBROOKE. Lippincott. 1926.

Mr. Braybrooke's seven novelists are all English—Temple, Thurston, May Sinclair, Gilbert Frankau, Hugh Walpole, Ian Hay, W. B. Maxwell, and Rebecca West. Our critic is simple but he does not draw his breath lightly or feel the life in every limb of literature. Nevertheless we hold that Mr. Braybrooke is the most amusing of living critics. It would be selfish not to quote some of his *obiter dicta*. "The feminine mind keeps the world from dying of a blatant despair." "I propose to consider her work (Miss May Sinclair) with regard to her drawing of a clergyman. The matter is so important that I have no hesitation in devoting the greater part of this essay to an examination of the work of Miss Sinclair with regard to the drawing of an English clergyman. . . . It is a fact that the clergyman is the most important person in the world." "Public opinion has been wrong in attaching so frequently the word 'typical' to a clergyman." "The cog must be content to know in his own soul that without him the wheel would be incomplete." "The most terrible of all truths is truth." "The world can show no more delightful spectacle than the sincere friendship of two people of the same sex." "A man may witness great sorrow in his life, but he will never more than once experience the deadening blow, when the cold, callous newspaper contains the official and deplorable obituary of his old headmaster." "Perhaps at present, and I say this advisedly (for Miss Rebecca West is comparatively young) she cannot see the sun because the clouds obscure it, yet she would do well to remember that though not seen the sun is still there." Mr. Braybrooke's new volume, like his previous studies of Sir Edmund Gosse and Mr. Bernard Shaw, abounds in such remarks as these. It was time that somebody told Miss West the cold truth and we applaud Mr. Braybrooke for hisi courage and insight.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF BLAISE PASCAL. By ALBERT MAIRE. Paris: Badin. 3 vols. 1926.

While many other works on its subject have preceded the one to which we here call attention, this latter is by far the most complete and the best. Its author, M. Albert Maire, honorary librarian of the University of Paris, laureate of the French Institute, is well known among European scholars from numerous works of great erudition and particularly from his "Manuel du Bibliothecaire" which has contributed materially to the organization and improvement of many French and foreign libraries. But the capital work of M. Maire is evidently the bibliography above cited.

M. Maire's first volume is devoted to the scientific work of Pascal. An interesting preface by M. E. Picard, permanent secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, conducts one agreeably over an apparently arid subject by clearly indicating its main features as well as the general character of Pascal as disclosed in his works. The two following volumes deal with Pascal, the pamphleteer. The celebrated career in religious polemic to which Pascal devoted the year 1765 and in which he sustained with temerity the part of his Jansenist friends against the Jesuits who were at that time all powerful in France, is analyzed in detail and commented upon with insight and just appreciation by M. Maire. In his biographical and historical introduction, we have not only the history of the provincial letters but also a general view of the whole movement of Jansenism in the France of that epoch as well as what one might call a reconstitution of Port Royal des Champs, the famous Jansenist convent. As in duty bound the author of the bibliography has given prominence to the character of Antoine Arnauld who was the most powerful representative of the religious party.

Without sacrificing in the least the ground of solid erudition M. Maire has shown himself to be a pleasing writer, easy to follow, but an impartial psychologist

(*Continued on next page*)

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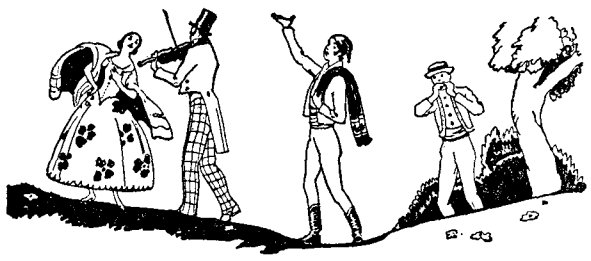

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and an implacable observer of the great genius of the seventeenth century that he has made the subject of his study and in whom he has sought to trace, what one is too often tempted to overlook, that is to say the purely human side of his character.

The intervention of Pascal in the quarrel between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, the motives which determined his writing the Provincial Letters, the influence at work upon him, nothing is omitted in the work of M. Maire that could throw the least light on this part of the work and life of Pascal, which has since been the subject of so much controversy.

Following these introductions, which must be counted among the most conscientious of historical researches, one finds the nomenclature of all the different editions of Pascal as well as of all the works that have appeared from the seventeenth century up to the present time, treating of Pascal and his writings, including exact bibliographical details. Long years of patient and sustained research and of methodical classification of documents, to say nothing of immense study and reflection, have gone into the creation of this work

Biography

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS. By NEWMAN SMYTH. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Dr. Newman Smyth was one of the greater leaders of religious progress in our day. He was a true pioneer, and we live by the work of pioneers more than we know. As one reads this modest, quiet volume of his recollections and reflections, the realization grows how many of the axioms of our later thinking on church and religious matters in the Protestant world here were the contribution of a very small group of spiritual explorers who gave us this inheritance of what we consider obvious.

Within the span of one lifetime have come to substantial acceptance such convictions as the historical criticism of the Bible, the complementary truths of science and religion, the social service program of the churches, and of the iniquity and blasphemy of competitive denominationalism. Dr. Smyth was bound up with each one of those discoveries. From his vantage point at old Center Church in New Haven he launched many a message of sweet reasonableness in the cause of wholesome broadmindedness. He was even liberal toward the illiberal and tolerant of the intolerant. He was companion in arms with most of the leaders in Christian statesmanship. In this book we cannot but read between the lines of that high mindedness which admitted him to such high companionship.

"Recollections and Reflections" is a modest book. It could easily have been expanded, made more thrilling, more "popular." One is almost sorry that the author did not let himself go a bit more freely. But culture builds inhibitions against too much self-exploitation, and Dr. Smyth was one who would come nowhere near the dangerous line in taste. We know him better because he did not indulge himself. He kept himself under a tight rein of humility.

Education

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS. By J. E. KIRKPATRICK. New Republic. 1926. $1.

"The American College and Its Rulers" is a title which perhaps suggests more than any writer could tell in a single volume or a single series. Dr. Kirkpatrick has written some interesting articles on the origin of several colleges and has joined with these a plea for faculty control of the colleges. The book is not as revolutionary as the second part of its title might imply. An obvious defect is that the historical sketches are hardly germane to the general thesis. Princeton may have originated in one way and Harvard in another. Historically this is of real interest and some importance but it is only padding for such a special plea as Dr. Kirkpatrick is making. Yale, for example, is used as the type of the "hired man's college." Yet on page 51 the writer quotes the popular and largely justified belief that at Yale the faculty rules. After all whether the corporation or the faculty or the president or the alumni or the undergraduates run a university is in each case to a certain extent a matter of opinion. Certainly it is not determined by the history of the seventeenth century, and colleges do not fall so neatly into categories as the present writer would assume. What the faculties as a rule desire is control of the curriculum in the broadest sense and this they have to a much larger degree than would be judged by this book.

The idealizing of the Antioch venture which is an excellent but a very special experiment and the eulogizing of Mr. Nearing and Mr. Meikeljohn add to the impression of special pleading. Obviously Dr. Kirkpatrick considers Mr. Morgan as the first educator in the country and yet he himself admits that the teacher at Antioch cannot follow lines that are of special interest to him as a scholar. Any modern college teacher must smile at the suggestion that professors "lead a sheltered and cloistered life" and must also be skeptical of the implications that lie in the statements about Antioch where "a broad and human view of his subject" is given by the instructor and where he "prefers the Antioch job of developing men and women."

Dr. Kirkpatrick, in stating his creed, tells us that he believes that "our school youths with their own approved teachers and administrators must be permitted to face their own problems and their own responsibilities and determine for themselves the course they will take." One can almost hear a chorus from the Tutor's College, the Professor's College, the Hired Man's College and, I suspect, from the Log College saying "God forbid."

The book is in many parts interesting reading, sometimes informative, occasionally suggestive, but never very weighty.

Fiction

GROBO. By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. Doran. 1926.

One thinks that Mr. Meyerstein, perhaps, has not written exactly as his heart dictated, and that is why one feels the jar of "Grobo," through its stylistic inequality. Mr. Meyerstein has enclosed an intimate and very tender sense of life almost suffocatingly in a deliberate, fancy-woven facsimile of certain modern modes in fiction. Perhaps the works of Messrs. Van Vechten, Firbank, and others appealed to him entirely in a literary sense, and in that case one must chide Mr. Meyerstein for incompetent spirituality—but that is rather beating about the bush of "Grobo."

The soul in "Grobo" is the same subtly resentful elfin creature, inclined to acridity, that one finds in Mr. Van Vechten, Mr. Firbank, and, to some extent, in Mr. Arlen. But the individual temperaments of these men led them to their several methods of exposing it. Firbank has an insanely choleric satirical pattern in which to lay his, with gestures of pure disgust like quick whips; Van Vechten has a studied, more compromisingly logical, more genial, if authentically acid in part, whimsicality of purpose—a very blonde darkness; Arlen has given his to the imps of commercialism. The sentiment of these men is free to functio nalong with their organic conception of style (Arlen, of course, is dubious). They have more or less hard free forms. But Mr. Meyerstein's soul and sentiment seem somewhat crowded by his attempt to do what almost seems like an undergraduate stunt. They are more valid as themselves, without the vesture of philosophed mind; they have little evidence of the cauterization by mind which is an inevitable part of those of the other men. So Mr. Meyerstein's jaunty, gesturing book is soon accepted as chiefly external. The very palpability of imitation is striking, even so as to give the necessary successful clue in the first chapter, when Cabell is invoked with an almost burlesque brashness.

"Grobo" hasn't much value as a good sophisticated entertainment; its stylistic lights, since they do not exist at all, have not so much individuality as those elsewhere. Most of the book's pleasure is adulterated or dispelled with mannerism. Only the symbolic character and destiny of Grobo stand out as the traits of the book which may be profitably connected to show a coherent original pattern.

OUR DOCTORS. By MAURICE DUPLAY. Translation and Preface by JOSEPH COLLINS. Harper. 1926. $2.

Surely Dr. Collins has brought to the American public an original and a stimulating novel. In his preface he tells of finding M. Duplay's "Our Doctors" in a Paris bookstall, and determining to translate it into English. The story's chief claim upon our attention is its medical atmosphere; indeed any reader will feel that he is rapidly getting acquainted with the varied types of Parisian doctors, with their think-

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ing, with their surroundings. For central character there is Daruel, a young surgeon of utmost brilliance, whose pilgrimage from cold-blooded disregard of humanity, through suffering, to a warm sympathy with the afflicted is the always pleasing thread of narrative. His regeneration is credible and entirely free from sentimentality; if the novel errs, it is upon the side of an over-scrupulous description of hospital wards and operations. But few will be offended. Certainly all medical men who can snatch an hour or two from their practice will delight in M. Duplay's novel and its background; the general reader will find much to hold his attention. Dr. Collins's eminence fortunately assures us of the novel's scientific accuracy.

Foreign

IM ANFANG WAR DIE LIEBE: Letters of Malwida von Meysenbug. Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1926.

Malwida von Meysenbug, thinking that her life was nearly completed, published the "Memoirs of an Idealist." She did not guess that thirty years were still allotted to her on earth. The record of these latter years is preserved in the form of letters to her foster-daughter. The title of this collection is taken from her last words, the epitome of her philosophy, "In the beginning was love. I always thought so, but today I know it better than ever." In this thought she befriended a great number of people, and it is to our advantage that these friends, of whom she wrote intimately and critically, were among the best-known personalities of contemporary Europe. In so conservative an age as the middle nineteenth century, this woman dared ignore the tradition of her aristocratic family and turn to the democratic movement which was just beginning in Germany.

She moved to Bayreuth to be in the company of her closest friends, Wagner and his family. Nietzsche, Björnson, Lenbach, and Liszt she was intimate with, and at home in the household of Von Bülow. In Rome, for the young Romain Rolland and his fellow-students she was a Lady Colvin. Carl Schurz, the revolutionist and American statesman, was her closest friend, and she met Anton Seidl at Wagner's house before Seidl had been heard of in the musical world.

Beyond being beautiful specimens of the "gentlest art," the expression of a most noble character, this sheaf of letters is a peep-hole into the lives of the musical, philosophical, literary, and political giants of the nineteenth century.

Miscellaneous

FIELDS OF WORK FOR WOMEN. By MIRIAM SIMONS LEUCK. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

It is an exceedingly practical guide-book that Miriam Simons Leuck has written in "Fields of Work for Women," discussing a wide range of activities, from stage dancing to farming. While written primarily for the college and high school graduate, with emphasis on the importance of a liberal and cultural education, Miss Leuck has not written down in her analysis of the opportunities for girls and women of lesser opportunities. Neither does she assume that higher education along general lines can be substituted successfully for specialized training. Her advice will carry particular weight because of this fact in the minds of the college women who have gone forth armed with the belief that a college diploma opens all doors, only to discover the sad fallacy of such optimism.

Writing from long experience in vocational guidance, with the Y. W. C. A., as Girl Scout leader and social worker, Miss Leuck has unusually thorough knowledge of the abilities, temperaments, and training necessary in a broad field of business and professional undertakings and she has kept her discussion a document of information rather than an appeal or argument for woman's enterprise. She makes only one plea; that is in her reminder of the value to all women in business that comes with the industry and success of each individual woman.

The emphasis upon the particular place of married women in the business world would mark the book as new, even if the wide scope of activities suggested did not. Her claim that married women have special value because they are "better disciplined" may be greeted with a shade of amusement in some homes and offices but the point is well-made, nevertheless.

The lines of work outlined and discussed include office work, salesmanship, teaching, recreational direction, dramatics, journalism, the law, medicine, and half a dozen others. The enthusiastic professional woman might declare that Miss Leuck has not given due emphasis to the possibilities for definite success in law, medicine, and executive positions in big business; but she is clearly concerned with conditions as they actually exist at the present time for the average woman.

WOMEN POLICE: A Study of the Development and Status of the Women Police Movement. By CHLOE OWINGS. New York: Bureau of Social Hygiene, FRED H. HITCHCOCK. 1925.

The author has had a varied experience as social worker in the United States and war worker in France. In 1923 she obtained her doctor's degree from the Sorbonne with honors, and her thesis, "The Children's Court," was awarded the prize by the Academy of Political Science for the work of ameliorating the conditions of the people of Paris. She has since conducted courses in New York City for the training of police women, and has carried on research in social hygiene.

The reception of such a book as Miss Owings's "Women Police" depends largely upon the point of view of the reader. If he considers the function of the police force as punitive he will not find the book of vital interest. But if he considers the true function of the police as not primarily punitive but rather as preventive and protective, then the subject becomes of supreme importance to him. Indeed the value of women police can only be appreciated from this more modern and enlightened conception of the meaning of police organization.

The book contains an intelligent and concise historic account of the growth and development of the various women police organizations in the United States, Great Britain, and elsewhere. Besides this historic review, several other topics are considered, such as the meaning and value of the work which has been done in the past, the necessary educational requirements for police women, and the fields in which police women have been most successful. It is in this latter discussion that the value of women police in protective and preventive work with women, girls, and children, stands out; in such work as involves patroling public places of amusement, court cases, detention, investigation, caution, advice, and so forth. The difficulties and discouragements facing the police women are also considered; difficulties of political, financial, educational, and other origin. These considerations indicate the direction which any endeavor to increase the utility of women police must take.

The necessity and value of the book arises from the fact that the information brought together here, appears for the first time in book form. Such information, easily accessible, will do much toward removing the rather widespread ignorance in this field of social betterment. In these early days when the function and meaning of women police is not yet clearly defined, such a work as Miss Owings's, acts not only as a valuable reference book for police officials, social workers, economists, and others dealing specifically with social problems, but as an informational work to the much larger group of men and women interested in social reform in general. It is only through a comprehension of the aims and difficulties of the women police organizations that the intelligent public can give the encouragement and coëperation which such valuable forces for civic betterment deserve.

MURDER IN FACT AND FICTION. By CANON J. A. F. BROOKES. Brentano's. 1926. $3.50.

Canon Brookes is widely read in criminology; there is hardly one famous crim- of any country, or of any century with which he does not seem to be familiar. His book is almost an encyclopædia of murder, with a wide range, and, it is to be feared, some lessening of interest to the reader. The Canon has tried to spread himself over the whole subject; he talks about the psychology of murderers, about titled murderers, political murderers, murders on trains, child murderers, sex murders, "baffled" murderers, and so on. He pads his book with two chapters of quotations from Shakespeare and from current novelists, and he explains his dislike of Bolshevism in politics and nearly all modern movements in art, music, and letters.

As a result, he can only hastily sketch most of the crimes he discusses. In one section of the book he really does himself justice as a writer. This is when he takes twenty pages to give a detailed and leisurely account of a curious and interesting crime, and of the detective work which resulted in the capture of the criminal. This is the so-called Bournemouth mystery; the murder of Miss Wilkins by Allaway, the chauffeur. The author, in this chapter, shows what an interesting book he might have made had he concentrated his efforts, instead of wandering over the whole field.

MASTER MAN HUNTERS. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. Macaulay. 1926. $2.50.

The man hunters are the official detectives of London, Paris, Vienna, and other European cities. Mr. Gollomb has a strong admiration for them, especially for the men of Scotland Yard, and he writes a score of chapters based upon their actual adventures in capturing criminals. They are generally readable, and the first chapter, which tells about the solution of an obscure murder by Scotland Yard detectives, is as interesting a description of modern police work as one is apt to find.

It would not do to rely too securely upon all the details, nor upon all statements of fact in the book. In the chapter describing Dr. Neill Cream, the author says that the story was put at his disposal by Inspector John Hendry of Scotland Yard, who "had been refreshing his excellent memory of the case" by reference to the official records. It would have been well if the Inspector, or Mr. Gollomb, or somebody, had refreshed his memory by looking at such a simple and obvious authority as the record of the trial in the Notable Trials Series. It would have saved him from a dozen small blunders. To say that Neill Cream was tried in America for the murder of three girls, when as a matter of fact it was for the murder of one man, casts rather a dubious light upon the records in Scotland Yard,—or upon somebody's memory of them.

After all, these books are read for the good stories they contain, and perhaps it is only the fussy writer of reviews who cares whether they include minor errors or not.

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE. By MARGARET SANGER. Brentanos. 1926.

Doctor Sanger dedicates her new book to "the new generation who seek happiness in marriage based on truth" and does her excellent best to state some of that truth for the guidance of those who need it. As almost everybody needs it we may say that they will be hard put to it to find elsewhere between one pair of covers so much admirable advice on the various aspects of married life. Unlike the forbidden Dr. Mary Stopes, her co-worker in England, Doctor Sanger can write a lucid and un-

(*Continued on next page*)

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"We should allow, however, for the difference in the temperaments of the two authors. The American is not a mystic, he is healthy and well-poised. His pity does not write itself in words—it is within him and therefore doubly great. It springs spontaneously from the soul of the reader at the sight of fate playfully tearing with its careless talons the poor human mice.

"Dreiser reminds one of Flaubert, who, impassive, at least in appearance, wanted only to be the impartial amanuensis of the judgments of fate. Such, it seems to me, is the man who has cleared the way, as with an axe, for the new generation of American writers who—tearing down the puritanical prejudices of that people — has made possible the frankness of expression, the individual artistry of a Sherwood Anderson, a Sinclair Lewis, a Dos Passos, an Ernest Hemingway, and the charming and delicate Scott Fitzgerald."

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Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

affected prose. She does not attempt to decorate her arguments and instructions with fustian poetry. The result is a sensible and clear exposition of innumerable living questions which many people, as yet, are unable through fear or ignorance to answer for themselves. As a social pioneer Doctor Sanger demands our praise; as a prose author she has won our respect.

CARGOES AND HARVESTS. By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

"Which will you have," asks your afteruoon hostess, bending over three shining urns, "tea, coffee, or chocolate?"

With this introduction to a chapter of "Cargoes and Harvests," Donald Culross Peattie goes on to reveal the significance of that simple choice, the centuries of history stored in each cup; the strife of sea powers, the conflicts of commerce, the chemistry of taste, the psychology of national preference. English and Russians take to tea; in Arabia and Turkey coffee reigns supreme; while in Spain and many a Spanish country chocolate hold sway. In cosmopolitan America all three are popular, though as a rule men take to coffee, women to tea and children to chocolate. They are the gifts of three different continents; tea from Asia, coffee from Africa, chocolate from America.

The first advertisement of tea in England appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* of 1658:

That excellent and by all Physitians approved China Drink called by the Chineans *Tcha, alias Tee,* is sold at the Sultanese Head, a cophee-house in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London.

Coffee, according to Tallyrand, should be:

Noir comme le diable,
Chaud comme l'enfer,
Pur comme un ange,
Doux comme l'amour.

Chocolate, the latest of these alkaloid beverages, is the sacred *chocolatl* of the Aztec court, of which Montezuma quaffed fifty cups a day from a golden beaker, beaten to a froth with a swizzel stick and stirred with a tortoise-shell spoon. Rightly have the botanists called the cacao, *Theobroma,* "the drink of the gods."

We have no space to speak at length of "The Potato—the Poor Man's Friend," "Tobacco—the Companionable Weed," "Breadfruit and a Mutiny," "Camphor—the Strategic Crop," "The Tree of the Leper," "The Reign of Cotton" and the eight other chapters. We can only conclude by saying that they are equally interesting, and will add to the information and stir the imagination of anybody whi is curious to know something of the "Cargoes and Harvests" that daily contribute to his comfort or enhance his wealth.

THE HOUSE OF SIMPLICITY. By *Ethel Davis Seal.* Century. $3 net.

WHALING NORTH AND SOUTH. By *F. J. Morley* and *J. S. Hodgson.* Century. $3.

ENCHANTMENT OF GARDENS. Illustrated by *Mary G. W. Wilson.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS. By *Henry Van Dyke.* Scribners. $1.50.

SPANISH MISSIONS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST. By *Cleve Hallenbeck.* Doubleday, Page. $7.50 net.

ABBEYS. By *M. R. James.* Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

CASTLES. By *Charles Oman.* Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

Poetry

THE SPRINGTIDE OF LIFE. Poems of Childhood by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. With a Preface by Edmund Gosse. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $3.

It was one of many odd traits in that paradoxical being, Swinburne, that the presence of a baby transformed him at once from a hymner of Lilith and a hater of Zeus, Jehova, and earthly Kings into a gushing, cooingly sentimental, and wholly intolerable old maid. One wonders, since he caught most things from books, if he caught this trick of literary baby-worship from his master, Hugo. He must have caught it somewhere, for if one may judge by his verses about them, he seems never to have observed a human baby. Apparently he was unable to do so. With a baby in the neighborhood, all his swooning faculties could make out was a sort of whirling pink cloud composed of rosebuds, seashells, dewdrops, swansdown, flamingo feathers, and the feet of doves.

We cannot feel, therefore, that Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose piety as a friend is responsible for the present collection, has really done the inevitably waning fame of Swinburne much service. All his worst faults as a poet are to be found here—his prolixity, his continuous shrill harping upon two or three notes, and the like; together with the added fault of sentimentality, of sheer maudlin mush and gush, not elsewhere characteristic of this great, yet so limited, lyric master.

However, as an ornament for a library table, if you possess that kind of a library and table, we presume this book may be recommended. It is well made, neatly printed, and charmingly if sentimentally decorated by Mr. Arthur Rackham. In short, if you have a lingeringly Victorian maiden aunt your Christmas problem is very prettily solved.

THE CHAPBOOK. A Miscellany. No. 40. 1925. London: Jonathan Cape. 1926.

After a lull of more than two years Mr. Harold Monro, the English poet and proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop in London, has issued another *Chapbook,* this time a bound volume thicker than the old paper-cover pamphlet we remember from the times when the *Chapbook* was a regular monthly publication. It is a very entertaining miscellany of verse and prose-fragments alternating with pen drawings and wood engravings. Of the last those by Paul Nash appeal to us most. Aldous Huxley contributes a delightful burlesque—"Ballet in Criticism"—bearing the sub-title "Scriabine, or the Voluptuous Dentist. Ballet to the music of Scriabine's 'Prometheus.'" The scene is a dentist's operating chamber. All the description is in the wittiest kind of fun even apart from all considerations as to the author's critical acumen in "feeling" Scriabine.

There are several poems by Siegfried Sassoon which serve to show that he has not forgotten his literary vocation, as many from his long silence, may have feared. Leonard Woolf has some suggestive remarks on literary obscurity with particular reference to T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and Miss Edith Sitwell. Their obscurity rarely comes from the subject matter, the content of the thought. It is due (he argues) to the suppression of transitions between one thought and another. Mr. Woolf does not force any issue, but he seems suspicious, in many instances, of the authors named. Mr. Richard Aldington writes a brief history of the Free Verse controversy. He dates free verse back to Sixth Century, B. C. and blames the journalists for its present unpopularity among people who do not read poetry. It is a little difficult to see why their opinion should distress him. But, for once, the case is more or less fairly stated.

There is also an excellent lyric by Mr. Sturge Moore and new poems by Padraic Colum and Robert Graves as well as a prose fragment of great beauty by Liam O'Flaherty—"The Lost Thrush." For the rest not so much can be said. The verse rarely has anything much to say and, when it has, the thing is not said well. Mr. Monro's search, declared years ago, for a new Keats is rather ponderous. But, for our own sakes, we wish him complete success. His new *Chapbook* will suggest what kind of light his lantern throws among the dim roads of the year.

QUEST. By ELEANOR SLATER. Yale University Press. 1926. $1.25.

A BOAT OF GLASS. By FRANCES FLETCHER. Dorrance. 1926.

Miss Slater's book consists chiefly of four line epigrams and epigrammatic lyrics as brief as such things can be made. Six sonnets help to swell out the slenderest of volumes into fifty pages. The trifling prettiness of her fancy is best represented in such a thin quatrain as "Requiescat"—

Quiet now the traveler,
Silent now the lips.—
Magellan in the Philippines
Is dreaming of his ships.

This, like so many of her miniatures, warrants praise for what it is. But we are overburdened with printed matter nowadays. Miss Slater should try something more ambitious than this filigree decoration and, in the meantime, avoid premature sallies into print.

Miss Fletcher has little to say and even less power of saying it. She writes a kind of autograph album verse which should never be allowed to stray outside her private circle. "Lost" is a typical specimen.

Only her body was white
Under the moon's stray light
The trees held out their arms—
She danced with them all the night.

SAVONAROLA: A DRAMATIC POEM. By CHARLOTTE ELIOT. London: Cobden Sanderson. 1926.

Mr. T. S. Eliot writes a learned preface to his mother's play and thus furnishes this book with half a dozen interesting pages. He discusses the relation of truth to history

(*Continued on page 244*)

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One of these articles will appear in November, the rest will follow in the not too distant future. "Is Progress Real?" accomplishes a seemingly impossible feat. In a few pages, Mr. Durant outlines the clear bold pattern of our whole cultural inheritance.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . . . . *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*

IS PROGRESS REAL? . . . . . *Will Durant*

REMARKS ON THE PERFECT STATE . . . . . *Elmer Davis*

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 242*)

and makes some desultory remarks on dramatic form. It is not easy to understand wherein his essay bears upon the play that follows. "Savonarola" has certain ineptitudes in common with the version by Mr. Max Beerbohm. But Mr. Beerbohm did not commit the unforgivable offence of making a thrilling subject dull. In reality Mrs. Eliot's closets drama consists of a series of dialogues, generally devoid of action, representing climacteric moments in Savonarola's career. Her prose argument (which precedes each dialogue) is considerably superior to the verse of the actual play. A fair specimen of the latter is—

God's wrath is stirred. For chastisement prepare.
Thy churches are defiled by evil men,
Thy sanctuaries are a harlot's den.
Lest pestilence and war and famine come,
God warns through me and bids me not be dumb.

This, like Savonarol's great oration, as it falls from Mrs. Eliot, is not completely convincing. What was it in this play that reminded us of those now forgotten tragedies, by William Mason, "Elfrida" and "Caractacus"?

Religion

CAN WE THEN BELIEVE? By The Rt. Rev. Charles Gore. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Bishop Gore wields much power in the religious world, although most of it is indirect. He writes for those who comprise an inner circle of extra well-informed and orthodox churchmen; but many an opinion and argument of his is popularized and disseminated beyond the direct reach of his books. "Can We Then Believe?" his latest volume of sermon-lectures from the pulpit of St. Paul's, has more significance than its sales may indicate.

As before, the Bishop earnestly aud subtly ventures an apologetic to justify Christianity to the alert, well-educated modern. He analyzes with beautiful clarity the essentials of the problem Christianity faces today in the process of revalidation; he sympathetically appreciates both the findings of science and the tactical errors of dogmatists; and he argues nobly for the unchanging essentials of Christian belief as aided rather than hurt by fullest testing and reverent research. In no essentials, and in many a detail, he budges no single inch from the traditional affirmations.

Radicals and modernists will find him too conservative still; the conservatives will perhaps fail to recognize how far forward he has carried them to a free point of view. Bishop Gore is a real authority for the state of faith which is after all that of the majority at least of churchmen, although only indirectly he may aid them. If we care to be religiously well-cultured, however, and to know vital forces first hand, we will read "Can We Then Believe?"

WE TIBETANS. By Rin-Chen Lha-Mo (Mrs. Louis King). Illustrated. Lippincott. 1926. $5.

For the second time in a year, Tibet has spoken in English. This second English book by a Tibetan means more than a mere new set of facts about the most mysterious kingdom in the world. It means, as did the Dorje Zödpa book of last year, that the work started by Sir Charles Bell in bringing Tibet into touch with the Western World is bearing fruit. Not merely are the barriers of Tibet being raised, so that the white bogey-man will soon be too common a sight on the streets of Lhasa and Tashi Lungpo to scare children, but Tibet is actually reaching out toward the West. Rhin-Chen Lha-Mo says she is the first Tibetan woman to have married an Englishman, and the first to write a book. We owe a debt to her husband, Mr. Louis King, in that, in the difficult work of its transcription and translation, he has retained so much of the flavor of her country.

His wife paints a picture of a people intelligent, kindly, tolerant, simple, and yet, withal, so innately human that they almost shock our preconceived Western ideas of the land of magic and wonder-working lamas. To Mrs. King, Tibet is home, admirable as the New England country-side, or the Kansas prairies, would seem to us from Tibet. So she writes of it, dwelling fondly on her memories of yaks and geese, of meeting a leopard a stone's throw from her home, of dancing and singing. She tells dainty fairy tales whose allegorical meanings are not so easy for Westerners to find; charming little tales, wherein good always triumphs, but no more gently than in Aladdin or Jack the Giant Killer. Mrs. King recoils in horror at our callous barbarity in killing, and she does not always esteem our material civilization as we would expect. "The average Tibetan house," she says, "is better than the average house I have seen since I left my country." We must salve our pride by hoping that her journey across China brought down the average.

This is not merely a book of travel, it is a book full of the true romance of a people about whom far too much spectacular nonsense has been written in the past. May we wish for this most appealing Rin-Chen Lha-Mo, in her own words, that "the sun of happiness may shine on the mountain top, and the staff of misery be washed away in the river?"

BORNEO: THE STEALER OF HEARTS. By Oscar Cook. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $5.

This is a better book than its absurd subtitle would lead one to suppose. The author, Oscar Cook, was for eight years District Officer in the North Borneo Civil Service, and he tells the story of his daily life as British Resident in that out-of-the-way part of the world; relating it in a frank detail which however touches only the surface of things, and which is entirely without perspective. It is thus quite unconsciously that Mr. Cook depicts the dual life of a British Colonial Official.

One of those lives, which is of course the "cheerio" existence which appears to be concerned only with "gin-slings, tiffin," dinner-parties, lawn tennis, "sitting" at dice, etc., runs like a treble *motif* through the book; while the other flows more deeply, and is more dominant, in spite of its being handled with a certain reluctant reserve which is essentially British. The second of the dual roles is the "carry on," or paternal, rôle, into which the youngest and most inexperienced Colonial Official seems so easily to slip. It is as though the Empire bred the type as bees produce at will drones or queens or workers.

It is in his paternal incarnation that Mr. Cook describes how he fought cholera, and how he administered judgment with all the wisdom of which he was possessed; much of his time in court being spent in listening to the intricacies of buffalo theft cases as well as more serious crimes. He shows himself to us as an earnest young man who has forgotten all about "gin-slings" and dice, while he metes out fines and floggings, imprisonments and even on rare occasions—hangings.

His story is the story of the far-flung British Empire; recorded in the daily routine of one of its lesser Officers; and in its telling, the Empire is made concrete, portrayed in all its strength and its weakness.

When read with memories to interpret all that lurks between the lines this "Borneo" of Oscar Cook's takes on an interest which it does not intrinsically possess. As the average reader cannot unfortunately make such a contribution, the audience to which the volume will appeal must perforce be limited.

From Dolomites to Stelvio. By *Helena L. Waters*. Brentanos. $2.75.

The Long Old Road in China. By *Langdon Warner*. Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

Motor Cruising in France. By *Leslie Richardson*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

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A REVIEW BY CHARLES CHAPLIN

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

MY MORTAL ENEMY. By *Willa Cather* (Knopf).

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By *Phillips Russell* (Brentano).

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF EDUCATION. By *Edward P. Cubberley* (Houghton Mifflin)

M. H. D., Penn Yan, N. Y., asks for a "list of Christmas stories suitable for the younger members of my library clientèle, especially for a yearning little soul who asked last year (you know there may be others like her this year) for a book which would explain "all this Christmas stuff." We have the obvious ones of course, Dickens, Lagerlöf, Van Dyke, etc., but I want to order some new ones, and among them something, if possible, to answer that question for a pitiful child."

THE ideal way would be to go to Bethlehem, Pa., after dusk on any day from Christmas Eve to the New Year, and ring the bell of any house whose front door is wreathed with green, studded with colored lights, and surmounted by a curious many-pointed, star-shaped lantern. Ask to see the Putz, and you will at once be led to the place—it may be a corner of the parlor or a whole room upstairs—where under a grove of Christmas trees stands the tableau of the Nativity in little figures arranged as naïvely as in a fourteenth century crêche. Certain features must be there, lighted stable, Holy Family, magi, shepherds, angels, and star, but as everything is kept from generation to generation and new figures added from time to time, the nicest Putz I saw last year had not only seventy-year old angels floating from the sky but no less than nine Wise Men of various sizes. You may have a working waterfall in your Putz, or an electric train, so long as it is to the glory of God, but the heart of it must be at the manger, and Grandmother must be ready to tell the story to any child who comes. She tells it sitting with the child under the tree. Then you are given a dozen kinds of Christmas cookies that began to be baked the day after Thanksgiving, and off again after another lighted door. You may "go putzing" every day for two weeks, if you go even unto Bethlehem.

But if you stay in New York and on the streets and in the shops, it will be hard to keep your mind on Christmas as a religious festival. So far as many a city child is concerned, red-coated Santa Clauses, wagging their beards on every corner, have captured Christmas, just as in New York at Easter the rabbit has routed the Resurrection. It is not only in Penn Yan that a child may be confused by "all this Christmas stuff." Perhaps a book like "The Beautiful Childhood," by E. Frances Boulting (Harcourt), may orientate his mind. This is meant for a Life of Jesus as a child suitable for a child's own reading, but I have an idea that the notes at the end of each chapter and the numerals referring to them on every page will do it no good with young readers. But a mother, a teacher, a story-teller, can get from it any number of picturesque details of life in Palestine. Another effort to combine the historical and the legendary is in H. A. Wilson's "The Master and His Friends" (Longmans), a narrative of events in that life as they might have been witnessed by, or reported to, a family of children then living in Palestine. Both these books follow the traditional story—Dean Wilson has "not adopted the common tradition" concerning St. Mary Magdalene because he says it has no support in Scripture—and add details as to costume, customs, scenery, and the like, the second book having much dialogue, the first keeping closely to narrative: both have colored pictures, somewhat conventional but pleasing. Another comparatively new book is "The Christ of the Children," by J. G. Stevenson (Doran), which includes not only the events, but some of the teachings; for instance, the Beatitudes are given not only in the form the child hears at church but in language and terms of his own experience.

But after all the best material for this purpose comes from a long way back. I think it comes by way of poetry, and more especially in song. In "The Beautiful Childhood," for example, you come upon two lines quoted—

"Ah, my dear son," said Mary, "ah, my dear,
Kiss thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer."

—a flash from the Age of Faith: there you see in the notes: "Anon. 14th century." I have a volume of "40 Noels Anciens" (Durand, 4 Place de la Madeleine, Paris, but I think most large music stores here must have it by this time) of which the text is taken from "La Grande Bible des Noels," edition de Troyes, 1630, and three other collections of about the same time. They take every step of the way from the Entrance into Bethlehem to the Flight into Egypt, and every year this family begins to sing them around December 10 and keeps it up until sometime in January. On the first of these dates the house of one of my friends begins to send out simultaneous sounds of chopping raisins and "Stille Nacht." I think I would provide this child with plenty of carols, the older the better, and very little argument along with them. You never can tell when they are going to come in handy, later on. If a family has sung them together, no member of it, singing alone at Christmas, ever sings a solo.

MY calls for an Italian dictionary has been thus answered, first by Morris Bishop, of the department of Romance Languages of Cornell:

"You do not know Hoare's great Italian-English Dictionary, published by the Cambridge University Press? It is surely the most genial and absorbing dictionary since Cotgrave's French and English 'bundle of words,' his 'verball creature,' of 1611. Hoare's Dictionary is done with an air of pleasant reminiscence of the permutations and combinations of the objects in the world and the moods of mankind. I have not looked far for an example. Learn the meaning of

Antònio *m.*; Un sant'—, horse with hidden defects. Un certo Sant'—, a man so original as to be difficult to deal with. Troppa grazia Sant'—come disse quello che ribaltò dall' altra parte nel montar a cavallo, too much of a good thing as the man said who was thrown over the other side in being helped on to a horse. Dio ti protegga e Sant'—, an expression used to a man who is doing something disgusting.

"And if you have need of a pocket English-Italian dictionary, let no one fob off anything on you but Jaschke's (London, Jaschke). A lexicographer of a very pretty wit, he scores off those familiar Conversation Books which begin with Of God's Attributes and conclude To Express Disappointment, Affliction, and Grief. His own book, unfailingly useful, is to me, when in Italy, my breviary. And if I weary of instruction, I have only to descend for refreshment to the footnotes. For example, under word: parola,

Words are frequently accompanied or replaced by significant and highly amusing gestures, which are not simply spontaneous but conventional signs and gesticulations. Ask your Italian friend to show you how to express, without words: consent, disapproval, regret, compassion, scorn, patience, hunger, thirst, etc.; or let an Italian lover show you the various uses of fan and handkerchief!

Then came this from Charles H. Tutt, instructor in Italian and French at Columbia:

"The Italian Dictionary for which you call, is, from my point of view, that of A. De L. Lysle. It is published in two volumes by F. Casanova e Compagnia, Editori, Torino, Italy. Its current price I do not know: in September, 1924, I paid 64 lire for the two volumes in Rome. I imagine the price fluctuates with the exchange. The chief claim to fame for this dictionary is the volume "Italian—English." Here, for each English word given, or for almost each one, there is placed in parenthesis an Italian word which more exactly fills the bill. This feature I have found extremely valuable. The dictionary was recommended to me by an Italian writer who emphasized the feature which I have just described."

And from Alice E. Keener, Evanston, Ill., comes a suggestion that H. D., who reads Spanish and asked for advice in reading, should get "Libros y Autores Clasicos" and "Libros y Autores Modernos," both by César Barja (Smith College), and published by the Vermont Printing Co.

K. G., NEW YORK, says that H. C. Chamberlain's "Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts" has been translated by John Lees and with an introduction by Lord Redesdale, as "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" (John Lane, 1912).

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FRANK SWINNERTON, in the N.Y. Herald-Tribune

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* * * *

So Mr. Bookman settles his spectacles (horn rather than steel-rimmed nowadays) and reads, and reads, and when he is asked for "Dawn in Egypt" goes unerringly to the shelves and brings forth "Light of the Sahara." If he doesn't know it, there is always the Publisher's Trade List Annual, 1926, which measures nine inches across the back, and may be used as a step to reach the topmost shelves, and contains complete catalogues of all of the publishers.

* * * *

If you are torn between two books, your interest in one stimulated by an interesting (and I'll wager, competent) review and your desire enlivened by the master hand of some publisher's advertising man, both appeals appearing in this periodical, go to your bookseller (see that he's a member of the ***American Booksellers Association***) and you will find that he is well-informed and able to help. Of course he may sell both books to you, but then you are even better off than you were before.

Ellis W. Meyers

Executive Secretary

American Booksellers

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Points of View

A Statement

To the Editor of the Saturday Review:
SIR:

Your issue of August 14 found me summering in the Litchfield Hills. It brought to me a very turbulent, inaccurate, and personal review by Mr. A. H. Quinn, of my "Representative Plays by American Dramatists," which is Vol. 2 of a three-volume edition of American Plays, issued by E. P. Dutton & Company. I will not take your space to analyze the motives of your reviewer. But you will oblige me greatly by placing before your readers the following record:

1. Your reviewer challenges my statement that the postponement in publishing my second volume was due to the high cost of manufacture. He sees no special reason for this since the volume contains only ten plays. This is a matter which concerns my publisher, Mr. John Macrae, and myself, with which, it seems to me, a reviewer has nothing to do. Vol. 3 was issued ahead of Vol. 2, because copyrights prohibited delay. It may be, both in his review and in the bibliography to his "History of the American Drama," Mr. Quinn meant to imply that the second volume came near not being published at all!

2. Your reviewer objects to the overlapping of the plays in their dates, throughout the series: Vol. 1—1765—1819; Vol. 2—1815—1858; Vol. 3—1856—1911. If he had cared to look for the statement, he would have found me writing that, there being no pronounced line of demarcation into periods, I wished to show this fact by overlapping. The series of three volumes in fact is a general survey of play writing in this country. Your reviewer claims that without Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," Vol. 2 is like "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. But the Boker play is in Vol. 3, and I did not designate that volume as *modern*, which he claims, even though the majority of plays therein are of the more recent period.

3. Your reviewer challenges my selections, and pointing to the best of them, claims that several of them are easily accessible in other collections. I will merely answer this by quoting from the Introduction to my third volume: "He [the Editor] has been somewhat embarrassed, editorially, by the ungenerous haste with which a few others have followed closely in his path, even to the point of reproducing plays which were known to be scheduled for this collection."

4. Your reviewer, challenging my claim that I selected only such plays as had interesting stage histories, tells me that Hutton's "Fashionable Follies" was never performed, and that "Sortorius" and "Horseshoe Robinson" had no brilliant theatre careers. But "stage histories" means as well "position" in stage history, and I selected "Fashionable Follies" for the reason that it was stopped in rehearsal (and also because of its social atmosphere); "Sortorius" because it was a closet play written by a lawyer of the old stock; and " Robinson" because it was a dramatization—all interesting *phases* of stage history.

5. Your reviewer claims that I explained minutely why I did not include in my collection a play by Robert Montgomery Bird. He accentuates the fact that a former student of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Foust, had prior claim to the Bird manuscripts which are owned by the University; and for that reason I was prevented from using a Bird drama. This is partly true. But my correspondence shows that negotiations were suddenly handicapped, and not because of Mr. Foust.

6. Your reviewer advises me what plays I might have selected for my collection, none of which he saw fit to put into his anthology of American Plays, and further tells me that I might have chosen Woodworth's "Forest Rose" as representative of the Yankee type, whereas I preferred "The People's Lawyer," which was not "pastordi opera" and drama combined, and which was written by a playwright definitely pledged to the Yankee type, whose dramas were constantly used by such actors as "Yankee" Hill.

7. Your reviewer implies that my choice of plays shows me to be a sparse reader in the field. Does his statement prove it?

8. Your reviewer becomes involved in serious charges when he states that, with superficial study of the period, I am a genius in using secondary sources as original ones, and moreover fail to give my credits where they are due. This he should prove and not imply. But while we are on this subject, I would ask him to consult my Introduction to Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" (in Vol. 3) and then his own consideration of Boker in his "History of the American Drama," where we both make comparative studies of the various Francesca dramas, mine issued in 1921, and his in 1923.

9. Your reviewer spends much time telling me how to do my investigations, implying that they are slight. My bibliographies are my answer.

10. Accusing me of paraphrasing much in my consideration of John Howard Payne, he scores me for a statement that Payne's *Thespian Mirror* was issued while he was at Union College. I did nothing of the kind. Nor did I make the error Mr. Quinn makes in his review that it was *after* Payne left college that he issued this paper. The first issue of the *Thespian Mirror* was December 28, 1805, the last issue was March 22, 1806. Payne entered college June, 1806.

11. Your reviewer scores me for referring to Genest, whose history of the English stage after the reopening of the theatres is of such value to students. Therein are statements as to Payne's "Brutus" that are of service. Mr. Quinn believes Genest is so scarce a library commodity that reference to him is not helpful. This does not decrease the value of Genest nor the force of my reference. Then Mr. Quinn tells me that I should have made a close study of the *five* (not four, he informs me) sources from which Payne drew for his "Brutus." If we wish to quibble over such detail, Payne in his prefatory remarks to the play claims *seven* sources.

12. Your reviewer challenges my statement that Bird's "Polopidas" was written for Forrest, and claims that I must not have read Foust's biography of this dramatist. So well have I read Foust that I have read him sufficiently to note that "Pelopidas" was accepted as one of the Forrest Prize Plays, and that the manuscript was returned to the author for the inclusion of more "bustling" and "more action," qualities upon which Forrest's style of acting feasted. It is true that it was not acted (even though under consideration for production) but it came under the dynamic influence of the actor, which I claimed.

13. Your reviewer scores me for saying that only fragments of "Metamora" are in existence, and informs me that Forrest's part of *Metamora* is intact at the Forrest Home. He implies that I did not know this. The fact remains, as I have stated, that the whole play of "Metamora" is not yet located and that only fragments are so far extant. I claimed definitely enough that sufficient matter was to be had, however, to form an adequate conception of the bombastic tenor of the plot.

14. Your reviewer ends by breathing freely and saying, "We do not have to read the Introductions." True, and this applies to reviewers also. An "authority" slated my consideration of Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" because he said I had omitted any mention of Marion Crawford's "Francesca," written for Bernhardt. I turned with some surprise to my book and found *five* references to the play as well as a special paragraph showing plot differences from other versions. I wrote the reviewer. "Forgive my bad memory," he said.

15. I dislike wrangling over reviews, but where there is misstatement based on seeming scholarship and coming from a university, some notice must be taken. That is why I ask for claim upon the limited space of the *Review*.

New York MONTROSE J. MOSES.

Mrs. Robin's Novel

The Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
DEAR SIRS

Your reviewer in this discussion of Elizabeth Robins's novel, "The Secret That Was Kept," expresses an opinion which I cannot share as to the narrative merits of the book which seems to me high. He is entitled to his own opinion, but when he states that so practised and admirable an author as Mrs. Robins betrays her "incapacity . . . to write effectively" we can only, in memory of her list of books distinguished above all by excellence of writing, wonder at his judgment. Nor does a study of the highly competent style of this new novel bear him out. Did he mistake simplicity for the first efforts of a new writer?

C. D. E.

Helen Yet Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Llewellyn Powys, in his remarks about "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," assumed that the Homeric legend had been impaired by Professor Erskine much as a Raphael would be impaired by a vandal's smear.

The Homeric epic is inviolable; nothing Erskine or any other mortal can now do can smirch it. If Erskine chooses to exercise his wit by producing what may at worst be regarded as a caricature, he no more damages the original than a dauber damages the sunset.

Erskine, unkindly viewed, may be held to have thumbed his nose at the transcendent. In these days when little is held holy, that is no crime—and certainly should be no crime to such a one as Mr. Powys.

Suddenly he sounds very much like a British patriot; one wonders whether he would grudge the Chinese a gay way with good Queen Bess. The centre of the dissonance between Erskine and Powys is very near the centre of the difference between British and American (or Irish) humor.

Very truly yours,

RANDOLPH PATTON.

Winnipeg, Canada.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Saturday Review of Literature published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926.

County of New York } ss:
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who having been duly sworn, according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Saturday Review of Literature and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above capition, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1926.

(Seal) Charles B. Frasca.

(My commission expires March 30, 1927).

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF STEVENSONIANA

THE first sale of the season at the Anderson Galleries was held on October 4, when 256 lots comprising a small collection of Stevensoniana consigned by Mrs. W. E. Safford, of Washington, D. C., together with selections from two New York libraries, was dispersed, bringing $4,220. The Stevensoniana consisted of thirty-five volumes from the library of Robert Louis Stevenson purchased in Samoa by Lieut. W. E. Safford, U.S.N., some of which had a strong association interest. The following are a few lots and the prices which they brought:

Aubigne (J. H., M.D.). "History of the Reformation," 5 vols., 8vo, cloth. Edinburgh, 1858. This set had the following inscription: "Robert Lewis Stevenson from his Father and Mother on his 15th birthday." It will be remembered that Stevenson did not change the "Lewis" to "Louis" until he was about eighteen years of age. $100.

Dumas (Alexander). "Le Batard de Mauleon," 2 vols., 1871; "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," 6 vols., 1884; "La Tulipe Noire," 1885; "Le Comte, Monte-Cristo," 6 vols., 1887; 15 vols., 12mo, wrappers, Paris, 1871-87. These volumes contain many notes and were used in writing several of his essays. $130.

Fornander (Abraham). "An Account of the Polynesian Race," Vol. II and III, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, uncut, London, 1880-85. Contains many annotated passages. $45.

Homer. "The Iliad," and "The Odyssey," translanted by T. A. Buckley, 2 vols., London, 1873-76. Many passages are scored and at the end of the volumes are 80 page references. $62.50.

Horace. "Oeuvres," 2 vols., 16mo, wrappers, Paris, 1873. The words of "Virginibus Puerisque" in the fourth line of the first ode in Book III have been underscored in ink, and an "X" placed in the margin. This is probably the source of the title of one of his most popular essays. $50.

Lockhart (J. G.). "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott," 10 vols., 12mo, cloth, Edinburgh, 1839. Contains many passages marked by Stevenson. $50.

Manuscript Account Book of the Stevenson household at Vailima, with entries in pencil or ink on 56 pages, dated from May, 1894, to September, 1897, tall 8vo, cloth, leather corners. $117.50.

Martial. "Oeuvres," 2 vols., 12mo, wrappers, Paris, 1864. Throughout both volumes are a great many marginal notes, comprising nearly 300 words in Stevenson's handwriting. $330.

Stendhal (De). "De l'Amour," 12mo, wrappers, uncut, Paris, 1882. Contains many marked passages. $62.50.

Stevenson. Pen-and-ink sketch, measuring 2½ by 4 inches, captioned "Diamond Head on Waikki beach," made probably in 1888. $75.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTOR

IN the September number of the *American Collector*, formerly the *Americana Collector*, the announcement was made of a broadening of editorial policy so as to include collectors' interests generally. The first number, October, to follow this announcement, appears in a slightly changed format. The page has been reduced somewhat in size, and the number increased from thirty-two to forty-eight. The contents are more miscellaneous and will undoubtedly interest new readers. Mr. Heartman is making a good magazine and collectors should know about it, and they will undoubtedly support it if they do. In addition to the material contributed by the editor, which is always interesting, this October number contains a number of articles by well-known contributors. Richard Le Gallienne, under the title "Thoughts on a Certain Bibliography," writes about the bibliography of his writings which R. J. C. Lingel contributed to the *Americana Collector*, and later published in a volume, and Griffith Hughes about the "Natural History of Barbadoes;" O. F. Lessing discusses "Walt Whitman and His German Critics Prior to 1910;" the editor pays a tribute to the late Joseph F. Sabin; Hope Frances Keane contributes an interesting illustrated article about "James Franklin Senior, Printer of Boston, and Newport;" and other articles are "Lanier's 'Owl Against Robin'," by Kenneth Rede; "Poe's First Printer," by Oscar Wegelin; "An American Colored Plate Book," by Carl Drepperd; and the editor's department is quite as lively as usual.

THE SAITSCHICK LIBRARY

THE private library of the German author and collector, Robert Saitschick, of Zurich, has been purchased by K. F. Koehlers Antiquarium, of Leipzig, and a pamphlet with facsimiles and illustrations, has been issued which gives a very good general idea of this great collection. An effort will be made to sell the library *en bloc*, as it is the opinion of those who know most about it that it should not be broken up. However, a catalogue is in preparation, which undoubtedly means that if a buyer is not found it will be sold to the collectors of Europe and America, by a catalogue issued in several parts. The Saitschick library is not the instrument of a scholar or that of a bibliomaniac. Professor Stockmayer, of the Court Library at Stuttgart, describes the Saitschick collection as follows:

"Behind the Saitschick library stands a man, a personality of preëminent intellect, and withal a collector of taste, skill and good fortune. His primary concern is not with the books, but with the field, which is also a frontier, of creative education, which excludes what is haphazard or insignificant and spreads itself out according to a strict self-imposed plan. And in such a sense his library can continue to be effective, even dissociated from his person. The judgment of library-specialists and well-known writers call the Saitschick library an organism, a work of spiritual value *per se*, a selection made by a commanding intellect, an educative act. In such peculiar qualities this collection is less a monument to its creator than a signpost to the sources of universal education."

NOTE AND COMMENT

A VOLUME of "Poems," by Edith Wharton, is announced by the Medici Society, in a finely printed edition limited to 130 copies.

Bernard Quaritch, of London, announces the publication this month of a volume of "Letters from Edward Fitz-Gerald to Bernard Quaritch, 1853-1883," edited by C. Quaritch Wrentmore.

Campbell Dodgson, Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, has completed his long-announced work on "Albrecht Dürer." It includes a considerable amount of new material, and will probably be published this month in the Medici Society's series of handbooks on "The Masters of Engraving and Etching."

Edwin and Robert Grabhorn, the San Francisco printers who have been doing such distinguished work for a number of years, are just issuing a large folio edition of "The Book of Job" limited to 210 copies. The type is double column, hand-set, and printed in two colors, on Arnold handmade paper.

In the death of Joseph F. Sabin the rare book world loses a representative of distinction. He started in the book business in Nassau Street in 1865, and has continued in the same neighborhood since. His father, Joseph Sabin, was a famous auctioneer in his day, and the author of the monumental bibliography of Americana, still uncompleted. J. Percy Sabin will continue the business which his grandfather founded and which was continued by his father.

A limited number of copies, not over 75, of the "Bibliography of George Bernard Shaw," as it appeared serially in the *Bookman's Journal*, has been gathered into a bound volume with board covers. The editor is Geoffrey H. Wells, "with occasional notes by G. B. Shaw," and the contents page lists 71 items in all. Here is a useful Shaw item that will be scarce in a few weeks. Copies for America will be supplied at the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*.

It is reported that additions to the writings of Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet, have been discovered at Schwan in Sind, and full information in regard to the find is given in the London *Daily Express* by its Eastern correspondent. Men digging foundations for a new building at Schwan unearthed a brass case containing the manuscript of many hitherto unknown quatrains written during the poet's wanderings in Sind. Allusions are made in the newly-found manuscript to Median, a probable conqueror of Sind whose history is said to be lost in antiquity.

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The Phoenix Nest

OUR first thought this week is that *Ernest Hemingway's* new novel, "The Sun Also Rises," starts out extremely well. It starts sprinting. Whether it can go the distance at that pace remains to be seen. Lately some of those originally inclined toward Hemingway were repelled by his rather heavy satire in "The Torrents of Spring," and the fact that he sideswiped *Sherwood Anderson* and *Ford Madox Ford* in passing, to both of whom, it is held in certain quarters, he owes something more than mockery. Nevertheless, we thoroughly enjoyed the description of the Indian Club in "The Torrents of Spring." And, as we say, we have found "The Sun Also Rises" extremely easy to begin reading. Young Americans in Paris. Perhaps you are tired of them. But here seems to be authenticity. . . .

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has published a new novel about a crime. When we took it home to Elvira, Elvira said that she had already read it in England. It is new over here, however. It is obviously founded, and that Elvira intimated to us, on the famous Bravo Mystery, one of the celebrated English murder cases. Mrs. Lowndes is an adept at writing stories of mystery and horror. Take her "The Lodger" founded on the story of the famous Jack the Ripper! We'll remember that to our dying day. Take "The Chink in the Armour." Whoooo! . . .

Herbert S. Gorman seems to have done a good job with *Longfellow* in "A Victorian American" which we have dipped into. He has considered Longfellow chiefly as a human being, only subsidiarily as a poet. He is rather attracted to Longfellow as a person although tempted to dub him, kindly enough, "our late, dear Queen." Altogether, Gorman's approach to his subject seems to us admirably detached and at the same time sensitive to the period that produced Longfellow and which Longfellow moulded after his fashion. Herbert has spent the summer abroad, writing and basking on the beach. We learn that the *Scott Fitzgeralds* are now also returning to our shores, and we ran into *Gilbert Seldes* the other day, newly landed in New York. . . .

The question is, which is the better biography, *W. E. Woodward's* "George Washington—The Image and the Man" (Boni & Liveright) or *Rupert Hughes's* "George Washington, The Human Being and the Hero" (William Morrow & Co., Inc.)? In both, we understand, the attempt is to strip away many fictions, however charming, from the great American, and to allow the real man to emerge. Mr. Woodward contends that he has made no effort to "show up" Washington, his attempt has been merely to humanize him. Mr. Hughes avers that he feels a reverence toward Washington but none toward "the unimaginative historians who would make him a pallid, plaster saint." Well, both books start even from scratch, and probably it will prove interesting to many to read them together, for corroboration or disagreement. It seems to be a Washington autumn, except for the volumes on Poe already published or forthcoming. . . .

One of the most beautiful illustrated books of the season is "Turn to the East," by *Caroline Singer* and *C. LeRoy Baldridge*. Baldridge will be remembered as the famous artist of the A. E. F., whose work has now been somewhat shaded by the rising of the sun of *John W. Thomason, Jr.*, the marine officer who has displayed such uncanny skill with his pencil. Baldridge, however, has taken great strides in his art—which statement might have two interpretations, inasmuch as Baldridge and his wife, Caroline Singer, have been traveling in the Orient, for which the artist cherishes a great enthusiasm. The result is this book which contains about two hundred drawings in aquatone and eight pages in nine-color lithograph reproduction. The book is also a splendid example of typographical style, from the press of *William Edwin Rudge*. . . .

We learn that *Carl Van Doren*, whose recent first novel, "The Ninth Wave," marked a new departure for him in the general field of literature, has been spending the summer working on a book on American Fanaticism. His writing has been done up at his old New England farmhouse in Cornwall, Connecticut, in the lower Berkshires. In this section of the country a number of other writers spend their summers, notably *Mark Van Doren*, the poet; *Dorothy Van Doren*, his wife, the novelist; *Joseph Wood Krutch*, critic and biographer; *Lewis Gannett* of *The Nation*; *Lee Wilson Dodd*, novelist and playwright, and *Samuel Scoville, Jr.*, the naturalist. . . .

Little magazines of verse keep right on sprouting. Two which are now in the third number of their second volume are *The Gypsy*, the Cincinnati all-poetry magazine, and *The Harp*, a magazine of verse, published at Larned, Kansas. We have recently received issues of both. We note that our friends *William Stanley Braithwaite* and *Norman Fitts* are interested in the former, and *William Allen White* in the latter. . . .

We were present at the first night of *Dreiser's* "An American Tragedy" prepared for the stage by *Patrick Kearney*. We had a great evening. At first we kept being surprised at ourselves for being kept on the *qui vive* by a story so old and obvious in its human drama, but the superb acting of *Morgan Farley* and, in fact, of most of the rest of the cast, caused us to lose ourselves almost completely in the series of vibrant episodes that formed the dramatic version. We thought Morgan Farley mighty good in "Fata Morgana" last year, but in "An American Tragedy" he seemed to us to display thespian ability of the highest order. Kearney appeared to have achieved the apparently impossible in conveying the Dreiserian spirit to the stage. And the play built steadily in intensity up to the very end. . . .

The picture used upon the cover of *The Saturday Review* last week was taken from an illustration to *Padraic Colum's* "The Road Round Ireland," an enchanting volume of description. We are indebted to Mr. Colum, the artist, and the publishers, Macmillan and Company, for its use. . . .

Vachel Lindsay and his wife and his baby daughter, *Susan Doniphan*, have finished their summer vacation in the Rockies, and are now established in Spokane at 2318 West Pacific. . . .

Bong swarr!

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1882—

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He has a very fine tenor voice, and at one time considered a career on the Concert Stage.

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He is untroubled by the fact that his wife has never read a line of his writings.

His "Dubliners" brought new life to the Irish Short Story.

He once took the principal part in a production of his remarkable play "Exiles," which was produced in New York, in February, 1925, by The Neighborhood Playhouse.

He is as relentless in his self-exposition as he is in his portraits of others.

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He is still making revisions and corrections in the text of his masterpiece "Ulysses."

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